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1882.

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# FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1882:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].



8291

Front View.



8291

Back View.

## CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 8291.—This charming costume is here made of cashmere and ornamented with braid and buttons. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the costume for a child of 6 years, will require  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



FIGURE NO. 1.—GIRLS' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This consists of Girls' costume No. 8313, which is in 6 sizes for girls from 5 to 10 years old. The materials of which the costume is here made are cashmere and *moiré*, but other fabrics may be similarly combined, with equally stylish results. To make the costume for a girl of 7 years,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of plain goods and 1 yard of contrasting material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards of plain goods and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of contrasting material 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

## MISSES' BASQUE.

No. 8313.—This stylish garment is here made of dotted goods, and the decorations consist of braid-binding and the buttons used in closing. Any goods in vogue for misses' wear, however, are just as suitable for the development of the pattern, and any decoration preferred by the maker may be applied. The pattern is 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it needs  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



8278

Front View.

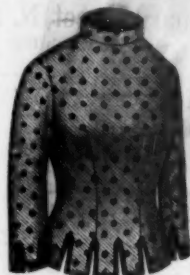


8278

Back View.

## CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 8278.—For a child of 6 years, this dress requires  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of nainsook 36 inches wide for the yoke and sleeves, and 3 yards of other material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide, for the remainder. The pattern is in 7 sizes for children from 2 to 8 years of age. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



8313

Front View.



8313

Back View.

## LADIES' WRAP.

No. 8289.—The pattern to this stylish garment is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the wrap for a lady of medium size, will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8289

*Front View.*

8307

*Front View.*

8307

*Back View.*

8289

*Back View.*

## CHILD'S JACKET.

No. 8307.—For a child of 6 years, this jacket will require  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents.



8292

*Front View.*

8299

## CHILD'S PETTI-COAT.

No. 8299.—The pattern to this garment is in 8 sizes for children from 2 to 9 years of age. For a child of 8 years, it needs  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of material 27 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

## LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 8292.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires  $10\frac{1}{2}$  yards of one material and  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of another 22 inches wide, or  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards of one and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of another 48 inches wide. Price, 40 cents.



8292

*Back View.*

other 22 inches wide, or  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards of one and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of another 48 inches wide. Price, 40 cents.



## MISSSES' CLOAK.

No. 8306.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and is a tasteful selection for the development of any seasonable cloaking fabric, fancy cloth being represented in the present instance. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, will require 4 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 27 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cent.



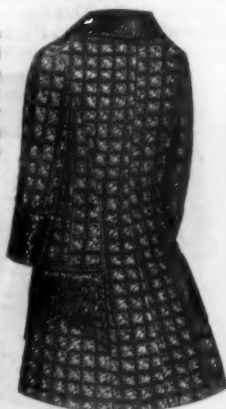
8306

*Front View.*

8279

*Front View.*

8279

*Back View.*

8306

*Back View.*

## CHILD'S CLOAK.

No. 8279.—For a child of 6 years, this garment requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 27 inches wide. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and its price is 20 cents.



8277

## INFANTS' BOOT.

No. 8277.—The dainty little article here illustrated is made of satin, the edges being neatly bound with ribbon. The pattern is in one size, and, in making a pair of boots like it, calls for  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of goods 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

## LADIES' REDINGOTE.

No. 8318.—The pattern to this stylish garment is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the redingote for a lady of medium size, will require  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 48 inches wide. If goods 54 inches wide be chosen, then  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards will suffice. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8318

*Front View.*

8318

*Back View.*

## FIGURE NO. 2.—LADIES' TOILETTE.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This consists of Ladies' basque No. 8308, and Ladies' skirt No. 8309. The pattern to the skirt is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches,



FIGURE NO. 2.—LADIES' TOILETTE.

waist measure, and costs 35 cents. The basque is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. For a lady of medium size, 10½ yards 22 inches wide will be required: the basque needing 3½ yards; and the draperies, 6½ yards.

If goods 48 inches wide be used, then 5 yards will suffice. For the skirt sections, 3½ yards of lining 36 inches wide will be required.

## FIGURE NO. 3.—MISSES' TOILETTE.

FIGURE NO. 3.—This consists of Misses' skirt No. 8312, and Misses' basque No. 8313. The patterns are each in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age: the skirt costing 30 cents; and the basque 25 cents. For a miss of 12



FIGURE NO. 3.—MISSES' TOILETTE.

years they require 8½ yards of material 22 inches wide: the basque needing 2½ yards; and the skirt, 5½ yards. If goods 48 inches wide be selected, 4 yards will suffice: the basque requiring 1½ yard; and the skirt, 2½ yards.

## FIGURE NO. 4.—MISSES' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 4.—This consists of Misses' costume No. 8293. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the costume for a miss of 12 years, will require  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards of suit-

No. 8155. The wrap is a cashmere shawl adjusted by the pattern, which is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 40 cents. For a lady of medium size,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards 22 inches wide



FIGURE NO. 4.—MISSES' COSTUME.

ing and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of contrasting goods 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of suiting and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of contrasting goods 48 inches wide. Price, 35 cents.

## FIGURE NO. 5.—LADIES' STREET COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 5.—This consists of Ladies' wrap No. 8295, Ladies' kilt skirt No. 8296, and Ladies' basque

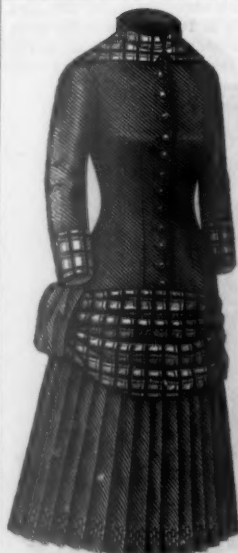


FIGURE NO. 5.—LADIES' STREET COSTUME.

are needed for the wrap. The kilt skirt is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 35 cents. The basque is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. For a lady of medium size, the basque and skirt require  $12\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide: the basque needing  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yds.; and the skirt,  $9\frac{1}{2}$  yds.

## MISSES' COSTUME.

No. 8293.—The pattern to this costume is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the costume as represented in the engravings for a miss of 12 years, will require  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards of plain and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of plaid material 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of plain and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of plaid goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8293

Front View.



8293

Back View.



8274

## LADIES'

No. 8274.—This pretty and trimmed with lace and suitable for *satin de Lyon*, in vogue for wraps, and the or varied to please the wearer. ladies from 38 to 46 inches. garment for a lady of medium material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  or 2 yards 54 inches wide.

## WRAP.

wrap is made of camel's-hair *passmenterie*. It is equally as cashmere or any other material trimmings may be as illustrated. The pattern is in 10 sizes for bust measure. To make the size, will require  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8285

Front View.



8285

Back View.



8315

Front View.



8315

Back View.

## GIRLS' COAT.

No. 8285.—To make this garment for a girl of 7 years, will require  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 27 inches wide. If material 48 inches wide be selected, then  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard will suffice. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years old. Price, 25 cents.

## GIRLS' COAT, WITH ADJUSTABLE CAPE.

No. 8315.—The pattern to this shapely little garment is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the garment as represented for a girl of 8 years, will require  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 27 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



## MISSES' ULSTER.

No. 8294.—The pattern to this Ulster is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the garment as represented in the engravings for a miss of 12 years, will require  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 27 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 54 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.



8294

Front View.



8290



8294

Back View.

## LADIES'

No. 8290.—The stylish wrap checked cloth, its decoration the buttons used in closing. Ladies from 28 to 46 inches, wrap, without the sash, for a quire  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 54

## WRAP.

here illustrated is made of consisting of a silk sash and The pattern is in 10 sizes for bust measure. To make the lady of medium size, will require inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.



8314

Front View.



8314

Back View.



8305

Front View.



8305

Back View.

## GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 8314.—Cashmere is the fabric here represented, striped material and lace forming the decorations. In making the costume as pictured for a girl of 8 years. 4 yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods 48 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

## GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 8305.—The pattern to this costume is in 6 sizes for girls from 5 to 10 years of age, and is an exquisite mode for any material or combination of materials in vogue for girls' wear. To make the costume of one fabric for a girl of 8 years. will require  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 22 inches wide. If goods 48 inches wide be chosen, then  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards will suffice. Price, 25 cents.

## LADIES' COAT.

No. 8275.—The pattern to this stylish garment is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and is a pretty mode for any material used for such garments, while its decorations may be varied to suit the taste of the wearer. To make the coat for a lady of medium size, will require  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8275

Front View.



8275

Back View.

## LADIES' WALK-

No. 8283.—The walking skirt caded satin and prettily decorated plain satin. The pattern is in 9 ches, waist measure. To make size, will require 10 yards of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 48 inches

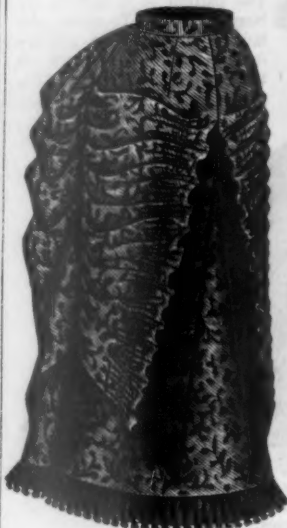
## ING SKIRT.

here portrayed is made of bro- with facings and a plaiting of sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 in- the skirt for a lady of medium any material 22 inches wide, or wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



FIGURE NO. 6.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 6.—This consists of Child's jacket No. 8307, and Child's dress No. 8206. The pattern to the jacket is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. For a child of 6 years, the jacket calls for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 27 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of material 48 inches wide. The dress is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the dress for a child of 6 years, will require  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide.



8283

Front View.



8283

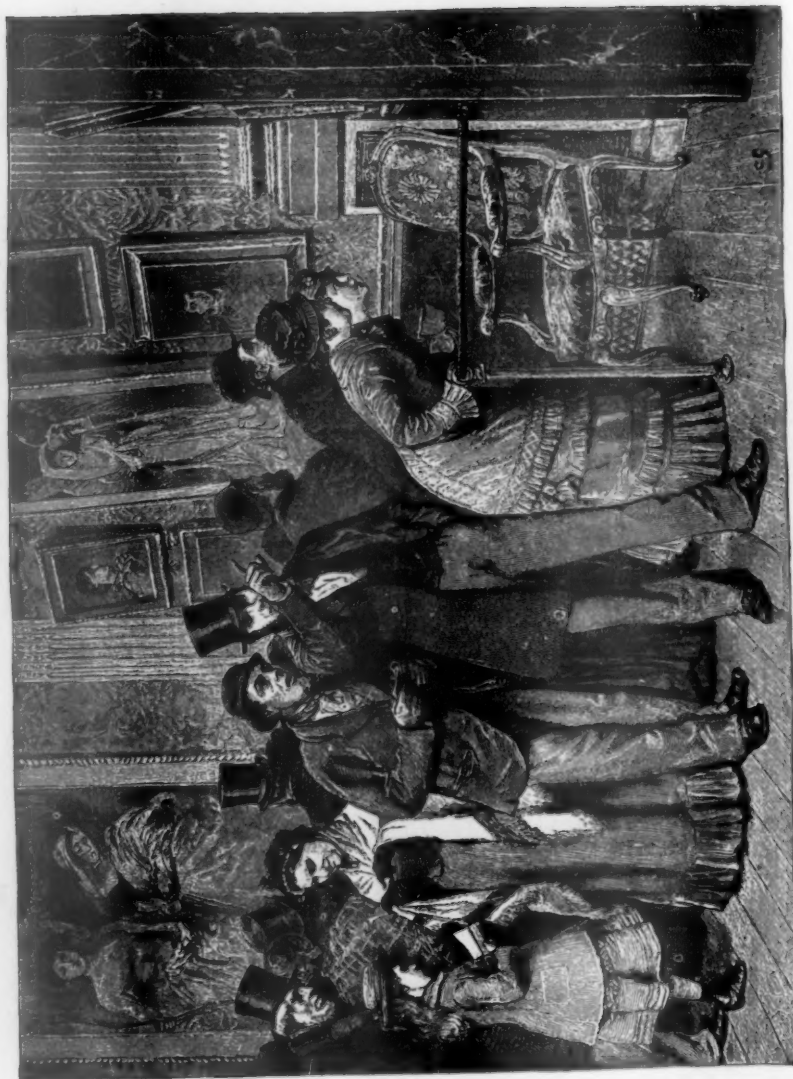
Back View.

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SUNDAY IN A PICTURE GALLERY. — Page 639.



# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1882.

No. 11.



THE TEMPLE OF AMON.

## THEBES.

THE original name of this far-famed city, renowned from remote antiquity, was I-Ay, meaning The Capital, corrupted by the Greeks into the designation which its ruins still bear. The Hebrews called it No-Amon, from the god

Amon, to whom it was dedicated. In the Bible may be found frequent references to its greatness and future downfall: the latter a prophecy which has been strikingly fulfilled. Where once was the great metropolis "of a hundred gates," according to Homer and Herodotus, are only stupendous relics, among which, in glaring

(635)



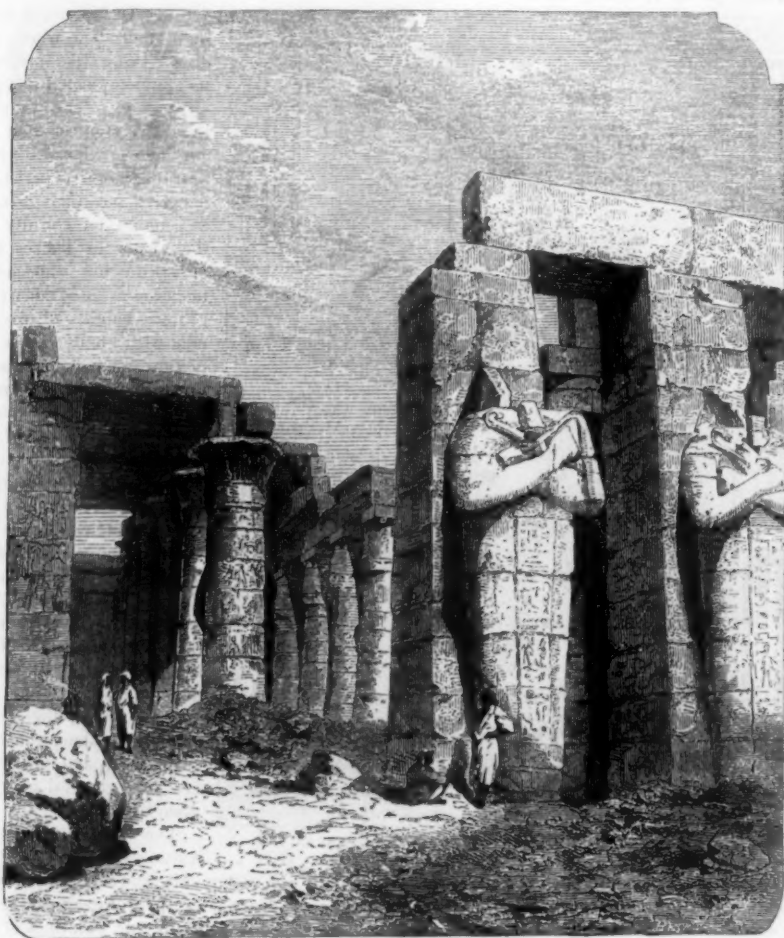
SUNDAY IN A PICTURE GALLERY. — Page 109.

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1882.

No. 11.



THE RAMESSEUM.

## THEBES.

**T**HE original name of this far-famed city, renowned from remote antiquity, was T-Ape, meaning The Capital, corrupted by the Greeks into the designation which its ruins still bear. The Hebrews called it No-Amon, from the god

Amon, to whom it was dedicated. In the Bible may be found frequent references to its greatness and future downfall—the latter a prophecy which has been literally and strikingly fulfilled. Where once was the great metropolis “of a hundred gates,” according to Homer and Herodotus, are only stupendous relics, among which, in glaring

(635)

contrast, appear rude Arab hovels. The site of the ancient city extended on both sides of the river Nile, in the midst of a great plain encircled by mountains, about six hundred miles south of the present town of Rosetta, on the Mediterranean Sea. It might be described as consisting of three suburbs, those of Karnak and Luxor being on the east bank of the river. But this would not be strictly correct, for these names are merely those of the miserable Arab villages which have grown up among the ruins. The in-

and the great temple-palace of the Ramesseum, or Memnonium, so called from its builder, Rameses II. His favorite title, Mi-Amon, or Beloved of Amon, was corrupted by the Greeks into Memnon, by which name the great king is generally known. Prostrate in the dust near by lies the colossal statue of Rameses himself. Between the ruins and the river are seated the two famous "Colossi."

We have thus briefly outlined the various divisions of the wonderful city, majestic even in its decay. To describe it either in part or as a whole, and do anything like justice to its grandeur, would be a task impossible. The reader should remember that the ancient Egyptians built their dwelling-houses of perishable material, but their temples and tombs for eternity. So the visitor to Thebes wanders through a wilderness of magnificent columns of gigantic height and size, covered with hieroglyphics and picture-carvings in dazzling array alternating with myriads of statues, many colossal in proportions, some of stiff crudity, others of great beauty, all of surprising grandeur. The ruined palace of Rameses, near the Memnonium, is almost the only example of an ancient Theban residence. As a background and relief to these wondrous works of man are the rising peaks of the mountains, the yellow sands of the desert, the narrow green strip along the banks of the river, and on the eastern side graceful groves of plam-trees.

The material of which the various structures in Thebes



PHARAOH, UNDER WHOM THE EXODUS TOOK PLACE.

habitants call the magnificent halls and temples in their midst after their wretched settlements, and do not know where *Thebes* is, though they live under the shadow of its old-time glory. The third suburb or district, on the west side of the Nile, was the Libyan. This consisted principally of the Necropolis, or Cemetery, the chief groups of whose ruins are also named after Arab villages, Abd-el-Kurnah, Kurnet-Murrai and El Assas-seef.

In this western suburb, also, are the temples of Medinet-Abou, or, more properly, Medina-Tabou,

are built is mostly granite and sandstone. Nearly every wall, every pillar, part of every statue even, is covered with sculptures or paintings of some kind. Scenes in the life of the royal founder of each edifice, his exploits in battle and the like, are carved in grotesque outline and wonderful minuteness, while near the pictures are written in hieroglyphics his name and history.

The great temple-palaces of Karnak and Luxor, on the east bank of the Nile, are about two miles apart, and were united by a long avenue of sphinxes, the roadway being sixty-three feet wide.

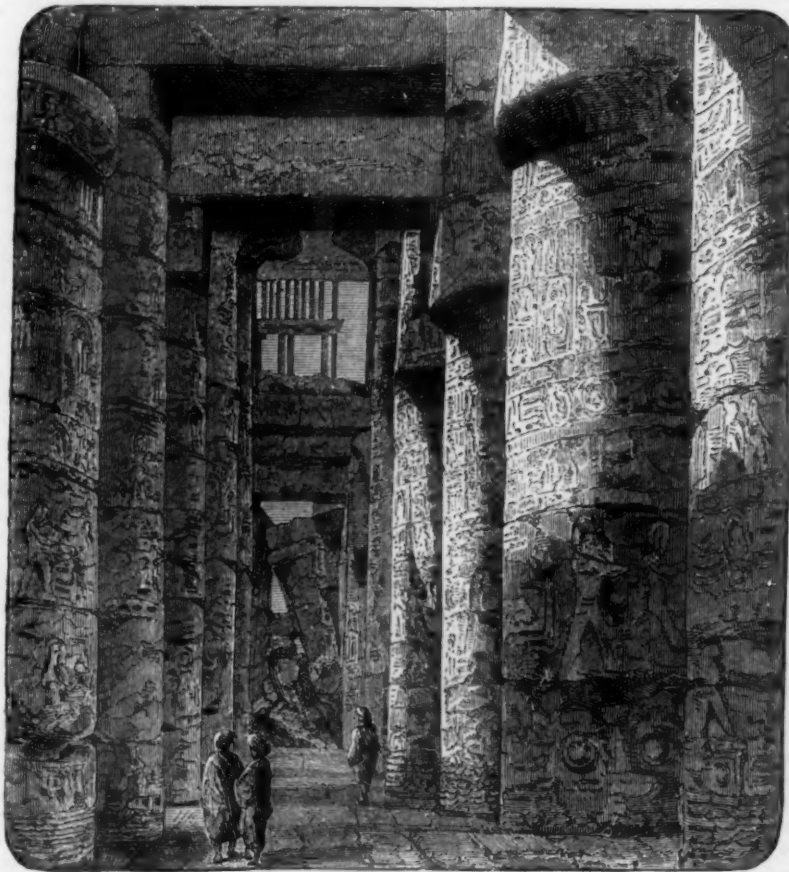


Some of these enormous statues—such as remain of them—have the heads of women, others of rams, the latter sacred to Amon. Eight or ten similar avenues led in other directions. As these sphinxes were only twelve feet apart, their number, when complete, must have been incredible.

The magnificent pillars of Luxor are principally the remains of the great temples of Amunoph (or Amenophis) III and Rameses II. Karnak is the

six hundred and twenty-nine feet in area. The central pillars are thirty-four feet in circumference and sixty-two feet in height, without counting the capitals. These columns are one hundred and forty in number. They are covered with sculptures and paintings, the colors of which still remain fresh and vivid.

It is interesting to note that through Moses, who had spent a third of his life among thousands of statues, the Israelites were forbidden to make to



GRAND HALL AT KARNAK.

most majestic pile of ruins in the world. Every writer who has attempted to describe it has confessed his utter inability to do so. Words cannot give an idea of the forests of sculptured columns, the long lines of converging sphinxes, the enormous propylons, or truncated pyramids pierced by gateways, the innumerable groups of gigantic statues. He can only say, "It overwhelms with its sublimity," and fall back upon figures and measurements. The great hall at Karnak is fifty-seven thousand

themselves "any graven image." Why? Perhaps to keep them out of temptation. These multiplied figures were made to represent gods and deified kings, and to such beings Jehovah's people were commanded not to bow down themselves and worship.

Crossing to the western side of the river, perhaps the most striking objects are the two Colossi, seated in silent majesty, looking, as it were, over all the city and plain before them—just as they

sat when the Hebrew leader was young. They are roughly carved, of coarse sandstone, are much defaced, and the fallen granite Colossus lying near them is finer and larger—but, withal, they are of surprising grandeur. When entire they must have risen to a height of sixty feet. The northern one is the celebrated Vocal Memnon, said, from early antiquity, to utter a cry at sunrise. This old story is too well authenticated to be regarded as improbable, and various explanations have been given from time to time to account for the phenomenon. The most satisfactory of these is, that part of the statue is composed of silicious material, which cools and shrinks by the action of the dew. The rays of the rising sun, which in these latitudes is very powerful even at an early hour, fall upon the shrunken particles and cause them to expand suddenly with a ringing sound, described as "a noise," "a note," or "a song." This has been heard in modern as well as ancient times.

Beyond these huge images are the remains of the Ramesseum, or the Memnonium, with its vast extent of halls and courts, perhaps the most desolate of all Thebes's mighty relics. Heaps of rubbish mark the sites of the schools and libraries—probably those in which the great lawgiver acquired all the wisdom of Egypt—once attached to this grand heathen temple. Of the adjacent ruins of Medinet-Abou, or, more properly, Medina-Tabou, Lord Lindsay writes the following, which gives a general idea of this splendid city in its palmy days and the manners and customs of its ancient inhabitants:

"I will only say that all I had anticipated of Egyptian magnificence fell short of the reality, and that it was here, surveying these Osiride pillars, that gorgeous corridor with its massy circular columns, those walls lined within and without with historical sculptures of the deepest interest, the monarch's wars with the Eastern nations bordering on the Caspian and Bactriana—study for months, years rather!—it was here, I say, here, where almost every peculiarity of Egyptian architecture is assembled in perfection, that I first learned to appreciate the spirit of that extraordinary people, and to feel that, poetless as they are, they had a national genius, and had stamped it on the works of their hands, lasting as the *Iliad*. Willing slaves to the vilest superstition, bondsmen to form and circumstance, adepts in every mechanical art that can add luxury or comfort to human existence, yet triumphing abroad over the very Scythians, captives from every quarter of the globe figuring in these long oblational processions to the sacred shrines in which they delighted, after returning to their native Nile—that grave, austere, gloomy architecture, sublime in outline and heavily elaborate in ornament, what a transcript was it of their own character! And

never were pages more graphic. The gathering, the march, the *mêlée*, the Pharaoh's prowess, standing erect, as he always does, in his own charioteer, the reins attached to his waist, the arrow drawn to his ear, his horses, all fire, springing into the air like Pegasus, and the agony of the dying, transfixed by his darts, the relaxed limbs of the slain—and lastly, the triumphant return, the welcome home and the offerings of thanksgiving to Amon—the fire, the discrimination with which these ideas were bodied forth, must be seen to be comprehended."

This author pronounces the ancient Egyptians poetless. But this is a mistake. Several papyrus rolls, filled with epics describing the exploits of the Pharaohs, are preserved in the British Museum. Their great antiquity is undoubted.

About three miles beyond the Ramesseum, across an arid plain and in the first plateau of the Libyan Mountains, are the Tombs of the Kings. These are apart from the Necropolis proper—in fact, the whole western shore is filled with thousands of graves. The mountain-range has been compared to a sponge or honey-comb, so pierced is it by caves for sepulture. The entrance to the royal cemetery is by a desolate, rocky valley, barren of any living thing, and upon which the tropical sun glares with pitiless fervor. Here lie the remains of the Pharaohs in splendor befitting them. Some of these wonderful tombs are of vast extent, one of them being hollowed out so as to include an area of more than an acre and a quarter. The sides of their halls and chambers are enriched with statues, paintings and sculptures of impressive grandeur, corresponding to the majestic temples in which the living worshiped. These artistic creations relate chiefly to scenes in the life of the deceased. Some, perhaps, are figurative and represent the state of society in those remote ages. We copy the following graphic description from the *Leisure Hour*:

"We saw here, as in a picture story-book, how the man had cultivated his gardens and fields, had garnered his harvests, had sent merchandise on the river in boats sailing with the wind; how he had gone to battle and taken the command of armies, the gathering-in of his vintage, the games and shoutings of the wine-pressers, his sports in fishing and fowling. Then we saw him—a picture of easy joy—in the midst of the family circle. We saw him at the feast; guests were at his dwelling; he welcomed them to the merry banquet; slaves crowned them with garlands of flowers; the wine-cup passed round. Then there were harpers and musicians and players on the double pipes. Girls in long, wavy hair and light, clinging garments were dancing. But to all things there comes an end. We saw here also the day (how far back in the depths of time!) when those pleasant feasts were all over—the lilies dead, the music hushed,

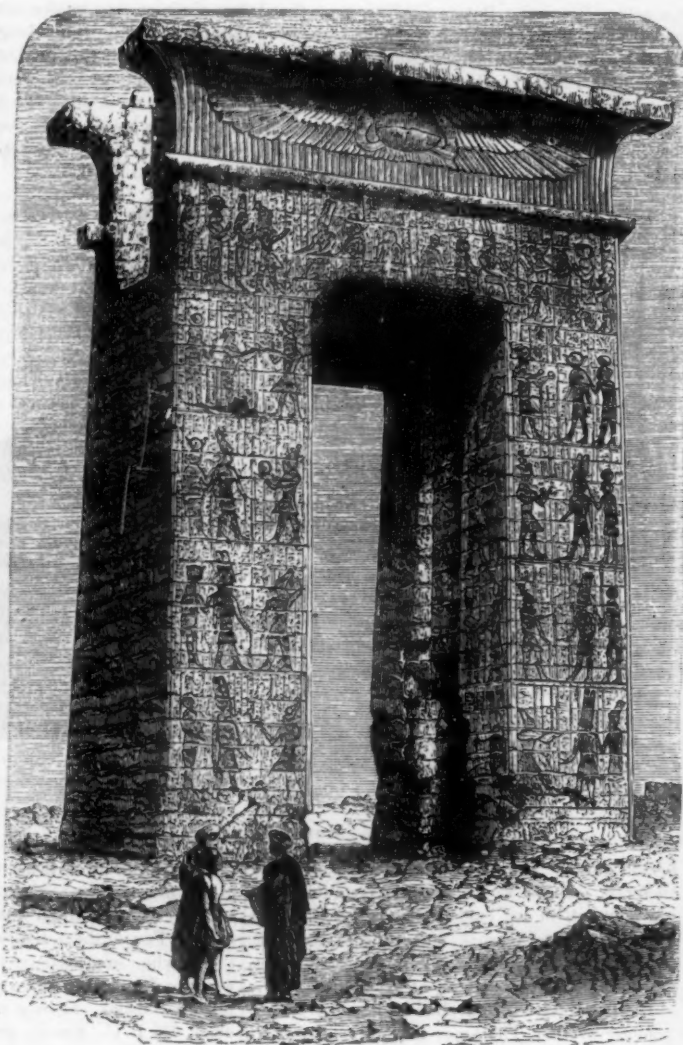
the last of this man's harvest stored, the last trip enjoyed by boat or chariot. The fish need no more fear him in the pools nor the fowl among the reeds. Here he was lying under the hand of the embalmers. And next we see him in mummy form on the bier, in the consecrated boat which was to carry him over the dark river and land him at the gates of the heavenly abode, where the spirits of the dead and Osiris were awaiting him to try his deeds and pronounce his sentence for eternal good or ill."

The Egyptians believed in the immortality of the soul. But they thought that its life depended upon the preservation of the body—so, by some process known to themselves, they embalmed it in such a manner as to make it almost indestructible. They called the immortal spirit the *ka*, and they believed that, though it could pass into and out of the mummy at will, it needed an earthly resting-place besides. So a statue representing the deceased was placed in the tomb for its accommodation. But a single statue might perish. Hence the number was multiplied in order that the *ka* might find lodgment until the end of the world.

Among the many striking frescoes in the Theban tombs

are those representing brickmakers at work, supposed by some to portray the Israelites in captivity. But this is uncertain. We only know that the marvelous edifices of this and other Egyptian cities were constructed mostly by slave labor, and that the Hebrew nation was not the

only one in bondage. We may also mention here that in Karnak are sculptured scenes in the life of Sheshonk, the Shishak of the Bible. On one wall, this monarch of colossal size is seen leading captive the kings of thirty conquered nations, among whom appears Rehoboam, of Judah.



GATEWAY AT KARNAK.

The history of Thebes extends over a period of nearly fifteen hundred years. It is supposed that the Hyksos, or the shepherd kings of the Nile, drove the earlier inhabitants to the southern part of Egypt, where they lived ingloriously for several centuries. One of their first active kings seems to

have been Kames, who gained an advantage over the Hyksos, which his descendants followed out to the subjugation of their ancient enemies. Aahmes, or Amasis, his son, who lived about 1800 B. C., surpassed his father in warlike exploits, and opened a quarry of granite near Cairo from which to bring material for the foundation and enriching of a national capital. But he did little more than inaugurate the great work. The oldest part of Karnak was chiefly built by his son and grandson, Amenophis I and Thothmes I. The latter had three children, two sons and a daughter. The eldest son ascended the throne under the title of Thothmes II, but the real ruler was his sister, Hatasu, who finally banished him and proclaimed

eses I, founder of a new dynasty, at length reduced the whole divided country under his supremacy. Himself, his son, Seti I or Sesostris, and his grandson, Rameses II, built the finest part of Thebes, the grand hall at Karnak. All these princes were characterized by wisdom and strength, proving themselves, if possible, even greater than their mighty predecessors. Seti I is probably the Pharaoh whose daughter adopted Moses, and it is believed that the latter received his education in company with Rameses II. Thus the great leader spent his early life in Thebes when it was at the height of its glory. The dates of the reign of this family are approximately given as from 1490 to 1320 B. C.



EGYPTIAN ARM-CHAIR.

herself queen. Her glories exceed all those of her ancestors, and she would compare favorably with the monarch of any land or age. She added to the oldest part of Karnak, and some of the finest structures in the western suburb bear her name. Queen Hatasu flourished about 1700 B. C.

But this queen was excelled in her turn by her younger brother, Thothmes III. Amenophis II was a worthy member of this illustrious race, as was also Thothmes IV, who, perhaps, was the good Pharaoh of the time of Joseph. His son, Amenophis III, was the greatest of all. His additions to the city consisted mainly of what is now known as Luxor. This sovereign reigned about 1600 B. C.

After his time internal dissensions arose. Ram-

The successors of these noble kings continued to add, more or less, to the magnificence of Thebes, but they never equalled what Rameses II had finished. Few of them deserve mention. Menephtah, who immediately followed Rameses II, was the king in whose reign the Exodus took place. Shishak, already alluded to, who lived about 975 B. C., was the greatest of an alien race who had conquered the descendants of Rameses. The last to build anything at Thebes was Philip Aridæus, the successor of Alexander the Great, who restored part of a fallen tower at Karnak, 323 B. C. But by this time the ancient metropolis had become merely a provincial town, and a few decades saw it almost as it is now, a desolate but majestic mass of ruins.



Time, however, has not been its only despoiler. It has been ravaged by the iconoclasm of Christian fanatics, the vandalism of Mohammedan invaders, the utilitarianism of Arab barbarians, and the greed of modern, remorseless collectors. Yet, in spite of all, these sublime monuments of hoary antiquity—older than any civilized nation, older than any known structure except the Pyramids, older than art or science or history, older than the *Iliad*, older than the Bible—endure, only to humble man with the solemn thought that, while eternity lasts, he is as nothing.

M. B. H.

### ON THE BORDER.

"I want mamma!"

"YOU'VE come in the very nick of time, Gus. Nothing could have been more opportune than your arrival. Game of every kind, from grouse to buffalo, is at its very best, and if you go back without a sigh of regret that fate cast your lot east of the Mississippi, after having passed a month upon these prairies, I'm mistaken," and the hearty manner in which the young frontiersman grasped the hand of his Eastern cousin left no doubt of the genuineness of his welcome.

"I know it's grand, Bert; perfectly delightful, from what I've seen on my way here, and your descriptions of border life and repeated invitations have fairly set me wild, and, in spite of mother's fears of bears and Indians, I had to come," replied the new-comer, looking about him with the air of one who meant to be contented.

"The Indians won't molest us, and we'll take care of the bears," replied the host; "but come into the house and eat your supper and get rested and ready for a regular campaign, for I'm determined to enjoy your visit to the utmost," and the broad-shouldered young fellow led the way to the dwelling, which, if it could not rival in luxury the more pretending home to which the guest had been accustomed, was not a whit behind it in real comfort and contentment.

After a hearty meal of broiled antelope, with all kinds of vegetables which grow so luxuriantly upon the prairie, wild berries, ice-cold cream and fresh, golden butter, the young man retired to "get rested for the morrow." With the first gleam of sunrise the young men were out, and by the time the genial, kind-hearted aunt and mother had prepared the breakfast, they returned with half a dozen grouse and a wild goose, and the day was begun.

A week passed in constant adventure and excitement, in hunting, fishing, camping out; broiling their game over a fire, and eating with all the relish and enjoyment of strong, hearty youth, stimulated by the invigorating exercise of long tramps and exciting adventures.

"We'll take a trip up the river this time," said the pioneer one morning, after the rifles had been polished to the last degree of perfection and loaded in readiness for any emergency.

Starting out from the dwelling, they left the main path and struck across the prairie straight toward the river. After traversing about three miles of level prairie, they reached the top of the river slope and paused to contemplate the scene around them. In the background lay the level prairie, unbroken save where an occasional settler had established a cattle ranch, with the miles and miles of rich grazing land spread out, picturing and revealing the promise of unbounded wealth, when, in the coming years, agriculture shall have claimed her own.

The breeze swept gently over the vast expanse, sending waves of shaded green across the emerald sea and down the river slope to where, two miles away, the silver line of the stream was plainly visible beyond the growth of trees which fringed its banks. On the opposite side was another slope rising into abrupt hills covered with timber, with a rough, uneven country lying beyond.

"Beautiful beyond description," said the stranger, lingering long to feast his admiring eyes upon the scene so wild and new to him before descending the slope. Crossing the river in a log canoe, they passed to the wooded hills beyond. Small game had been abundant all along, but they were in search of something more worthy of their skill.

"Look, Bert, what's this?" suddenly exclaimed Gustave, stopping before a track apparently made by some large animal.

"A panther, as sure as I live!" replied the pioneer, after looking carefully for a moment. "We'll have sport now, for although as a roast, broil or stew the beast is generally considered a failure, there's lots of game in him, and he always shows fight to the last. See that your gun is ready primed before we scare him up, for you would experience a very disagreeable sensation if he should suddenly spring upon you from the top of a tree, and set his sharp claws in your shoulders and his teeth in your neck."

"Not a very enviable situation, truly," replied the cousin, involuntarily glancing upward at the tree over his head.

They followed on for a mile or more, when, with an exclamation of surprise, the young pioneer picked up a little bonnet which lay right in the trail of the panther, and, looking carefully, they saw a print of a little, bare foot in the yielding ground, and knew that the bloodthirsty animal had scented his prey. Even the strong man, accustomed to every form of danger, turned white to the very lips as he dropped the bonnet to the ground and hurried on after the child, which he knew to be in such deadly peril.

The tangled grass and reeds had already been passed, and a narrow path, where wild deer and antelopes had trod for ages on their way to drink, led from the river to the rugged uplands, and the little one had apparently wandered away and been lost in its windings. Ever and anon they found a wild flower dropped from the little hand, or a shred torn from the dress by a wayside bush, but the track of the beast was right there, and with rapid strides they hurried on.

After following the path for nearly a mile, they reached a clump of alder bushes, and were about to pass round it, when a child's voice, trembling with all the agony of childish terror, fell upon their ears. For a single instant they listened.

"I want mamma! Oh! I *does* want mamma."

With a gesture of silence, the young pioneer stepped softly round to the other side, closely followed by his companion. The sight that met their eyes thrilled their very hearts with horror.

A little girl, apparently not more than three years of age, stood there with every appearance of having just discovered the savage beast, that had fixed its glaring eyes upon her. The little, bare head was crowned with clustering rings of sunny hair, the rosy face and dimpled arms stained with the ripened berries which she had been gathering, while one chubby hand grasped a cluster of the purple fruit which hung above her head, as, surprised in the act of breaking it from the stem, she had turned her grievous and frightened face toward the brute, which now stood watching her, with its long tail moving from side to side with that cat-like motion peculiar to all animals of this nature when about to spring upon their prey.

Both hunters dropped silently upon their knees to take steadier aim; but the little one, looking back over the panther, saw them, and letting go of the bush, she reached her dimpled hands toward them, saying:

"Take me to mamma; please take me to mamma!"

At the same instant the beast crouched low upon the ground, gathering its strong limbs under it for the fatal spring, but a glance along the glittering barrels, a simultaneous report of two rifles, and the animal bounded high into the air and fell back in a fierce death-struggle. The pioneer sprang forward and snatched the child from its dangerous proximity to the wounded beast, and as she shrank, frightened and trembling, closer to his bosom for safety, he said, while the tears came welling up to his eyes:

"You poor little wayside lamb I'll take you to mamma."

After watching the animal until sure of its death, they began to retrace their steps along the path which they had come. They had proceeded some distance when a sudden turn around a bluff

brought them face to face with a woman, who was flying along the path like one distracted.

"My baby! Oh! you've brought my baby!" she exclaimed, joyfully, reaching for the little one, who gave its hands with a happy laugh and sprang into her outstretched arms as gleefully as if no prowling beast had ever threatened its precious life. But the mother sobbed hysterically when she heard the story of its danger, told, they assured her, only that she might know to what deadly peril the little one was exposed when it chanced to wander away from her care and protection.

"Gus," said the pioneer, after walking for some distance in silence, "do you believe in special providence?"

"Our coming this way looks very like it," replied the cousin, "but I do not want a similar adventure. My nerves are in such a tremulous condition that I do not believe I could kill a prairie chicken."

ISADORE ROGERS.

### AUTUMN.

**A**UTUMN winds are sighing, sighing,  
Bid the days of light good-bye,  
Days of sunshine, softly dying—

In their glory let them die.  
Let the yellow leaflets droop,  
Let the red ones burn to brown,  
Life's fresh beauties cannot last,  
For the fairest sun goes down.

Oh! I see the fading roses  
On a fair cheek leave it pale,  
And a once bright eye discloses  
Only now a mournful tale.  
Let the yellow leaflets droop,  
Let the red ones burn to brown,  
Life is changeful, ever changing,  
And the fairest sun goes down.

See the sunlight streaming over  
All this world, so tinged with red,  
Round the old earth it will hover,  
Till all summer life has fled.  
Let the yellow leaflets droop,  
Let the red ones burn to brown,  
Life's ripe beauties cannot last,  
For the fairest sun goes down.

GRACE HOLMES.

A WOMAN who would always love would never grow old; and the love of mother and wife would often give or preserve many charms if it were not too frequently combined with parental and conjugal anger. This is worth remembering; for there remains in the faces of women who are naturally serene and peaceful, and of those rendered so by religion, an after-spring, and later an after-summer, the reflex of their most beautiful bloom.

# The Maiden & the Poppy.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GIRL'S OWN ALPHABET," ETC.

**S**ANG a maiden in a cornfield, as she  
wreathed her golden hair  
With the red and purple poppies luxu-  
riating there—

"I would not be a poppy, if a flower I  
must be;

A life so vain and useless would never  
do for me.

"I could not stand still staring, if I  
were dressed like that,  
In flimsy gown of fallow green, and  
scarlet bobbing hat!

I should think the folks were laughing  
and making game of me—

No! I will not be a poppy, if a flower  
I must be."

And yet she went on weaving the pop-  
pies in her hair

Whilst speaking thus against them—it  
surely was not fair!

Sang the poppy low and sweetly, as it  
nodded to and fro—

"Since a poppy I was born, as a poppy  
will I grow—

Content to raise my rosy head above  
the sunny corn,

That the early lark may see me as he  
carols in the morn;

Perhaps he'll sing the sweeter for the  
brightness of the scene,

When he views the golden glory and  
the specks of red between!

"And I know a pretty maiden who  
often comes this way

To search along the hedgerow for a  
gayly colored spray;

For though she is so lovely, she yet  
would be more fair—

So she wants a simple flower to twine  
around her hair.

I will nod my head all friendly, and  
strive to catch her eye,

As she wanders through the cornfield  
she will not pass me by!

"She will seize me as a treasure, and  
claim me as a prize,

Though only just a weedling, and  
worthless in her eyes;

And I, though but a poppy, shall thus true pleasure give—  
But that is all I care for, and that is why I live!"

So the poppy nodded, singing, and singing, nodded still,  
And the maiden gathered freely, her pretty hands to fill.

But a thought of pain came o'er her, and she murmured  
in distress,

"Than the least of Nature's children I am doing even less;  
They live and bloom for others, whilst I—oh! can it be?—  
Live only to myself and the thing that pleaseth me!"

So the maiden twined the poppies around her sunny  
brow,  
And said, "Ah, scorned flower, I have learnt your lesson  
now!"

### LIKE AS A NURSE.

**E**VEN as a nurse, whose child's imperfect pace  
Can hardly lead his foot from place to place,  
Leaves her fond kissing, sets him down to go,  
Nor does uphold him for a step or two;  
But when she finds that he begins to fall,  
She holds him up and kisses him withal:  
So God from man sometimes withdraws His hand  
Awhile to teach his infant faith to stand;  
But when He sees his feeble strength begin  
To fail, He gently takes him up again.

*Henry Vaughan (1614-1695).*

### A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

**S**EATED here this rare cool day, which has  
slipped in upon July's fervid heats like rain  
upon a dry and thirsty land, I've been wonder-  
ing what to write about. Not that there is a  
dearth of subjects. No. The difficulty is how to  
get at them, or from which to select.

Outside my window lithe boughs rock and fruity-  
smelling leaves flutter in the breeze. They rise,  
they fall, their emeralds flash in sunlight or darken  
in shadow. Every instant they change; they  
cannot be caught and pinned under my gaze, yet  
there they are—no vision, but distinct, palpable.  
Thus my mind's eye sees topics innumerable—  
touch-and-go thoughts flitting, story-leaves flutter-  
ing—yet these are not to be laid hold on or  
prisoned in words.

I have it. Is it not an inspiration? I'll tell a  
story without words, or that's what I'll call it. Its  
heroine is a mute. I wrote about Deafy some time  
ago; this is "Dummy's" story. Not that exactly,  
either, because I can only show her as I've seen her  
during my occasional visits to the almshouse. Her  
history, even her very name, is unknown to me. She  
is nameless then, this poorhouse drudge. She is deaf  
and dumb, yet she has a heart. Yea, as big, as warm,  
as tender a heart as ever beat in human breast, and  
although the avenues of hearing are closed and the  
door of speech locked, Lou and I have somehow found  
our way into this heart. I write this humbly. Love is  
always to be revered, and this poor creature's mute  
affection is doubly, trebly sacred.

I well remember our first interview. Coming  
down the bleak hallway to meet us, she was one of  
the most grotesque, one of the oddest, one of the  
saddest objects we have ever encountered, even in  
that sad place. A middle-aged woman, thin, sal-  
low, wrinkled, with keen blue eyes and a wide,  
wonderfully expressive mouth, full of teeth the color  
of her short, yellow locks. Resplendent in her  
"Sunday best"—a green merino dress, a scarlet  
bow and a brass breastpin—she advanced with the  
air of some royal personage welcoming us to pala-  
tial splendors.

We were told that outside relatives furnished  
her wardrobe. However that may be, I've never  
seen her so well-dressed since. Her quick eye  
discovered some lint on our clothing, caught from  
the beds in the sick-ward, so immediately after  
shaking hands she commenced a vigorous brushing  
and picking at this substance, all of which we sub-  
mitted to kindly. Next that keen glance dis-  
covered Lou's glove unbuttoned and my handker-  
chief protruding from my pocket. Fastening the  
one and deftly tucking in the other, she surveyed us  
with the air and manner of one who has just satis-  
factorily finished some fine specimen of handiwork.

Untrained as she is, except to menial service,  
she proved herself a creature of such rare capabil-  
ities and clear perceptions as to be able to assume  
the duties of hostess and lady's-maid, to show her-  
self a friend and a servant all in the space of a few  
moments. Withal, her good-nature, her quaint,  
ready smile, were contagious. We humored her,  
Lou and I, and won her,

One Sabbath afternoon Rev. S—— S—— accom-  
panied us to the institution. Arrived on the  
ground, Lou went in a different direction, whilst  
the clergyman and I proceeded toward the insane de-  
partment. On our way we met this by no means  
dumb "Dummy." My friend was unmarried, and  
by some happy instinct she instantly divined this  
fact. It was laughable in the extreme to observe  
her thoroughly feminine appreciation of and lively  
interest in what she had wit enough to presume to  
be the situation. She patted his hand and mine,  
his shoulder and mine, at the same time indulging  
in such strange sounds and odd grimaces, one must  
study her countenance to make sure she was con-  
vulsed with merriment, and not with agony.

On just such a day as this, the last of last May,  
sister and I took Mrs. M—— and Mrs. D——, the  
former an old-time friend of Lizzie W——'s, to the  
house.

Some of my readers will in this latter name re-  
call a dear saint of God about whom I wrote  
under the caption, "Beauty for Ashes." In early  
life she was employed as domestic in Mrs. M——'s  
father's house. Although tenderly attached to  
the family, owing to her marriage and the trials  
and bereavements following fast upon that event,  
she had lost sight of them for many years. One  
day she asked did we know this lady, mentioning  
her maiden as well as her married name. Upon  
discovering that we did, she expressed so earnest a  
desire to see her that we promised, if possible, to  
arrange a meeting. Mrs. M—— is several years  
Lizzie's junior, yet time and suffering has wrought  
sad changes. Brought face to face, neither recog-  
nized the other. Their meeting in the little  
snow chamber I described to you was a solemn  
yet a joyful one.

These dear women had known each other in  
life's morning-hour; the one was served, the other



serving. Then their lines fell apart. One stepped into greater ease and luxury, while misery, want and pain became the portion of the other. Now, although the former (Mrs. M——) has a comfortable home and fair daughters growing up around her, while the latter (Mrs. W——) is an inmate of Blockley Almshouse—now, at last, they met on common ground. Each wore widow's weeds; each wrote over and against name after name, dead; each counted treasures laid up in Heaven, and looked to Jesus, the author and finisher of her faith. Yes, after tears and turmoils, after losses and crosses, they met eye to eye on the level plain looking toward life's sunset, even as by and by they shall reach the same "golden landing" and greet precious ones who went before.

Leaving that wax-white cell, we descended to the first floor and paused near a window to consider where we should go next, when on the pavement outside I saw "Dummy." She had just spied us and almost dropped the scuttle of coal she carried in her transport. In at the open door she plunged, hurriedly deposited her burden, and was hastening forward, when suddenly she stopped to examine her hands. They were soiled, they were not presentable. Giving them a hasty wipe on her apron, she looked again, shook her head, frowned at them, and then away she skimmed to the hydrant across the yard, her scrubby yellow hair standing straight up, and every shred in her rag of a dress fluttering in the wanton breeze. Returning with the widest of smiles, she shook hands and proceeded to devote herself to us in her usual style. Fancying collars, bows and pins awry, she straightened them, pounced upon the tiniest speck visible on our garments, and lastly, kindly and politely accompanied us as far on our way out as she dare go. Lou and I humored her, as we always do, and were glad our friends, dear, thoughtful Christian women, followed our example.

Poor "Dummy," kicked and cuffed by those who know and ought to do better, with no voice in which to cry out against indignities and brutality, snubbed, doubtless, by many a visitor who considers her well and kindly-meant familiarity despicable, 'twas the easiest thing in the world to win her, and, please God, we mean to keep her. Through a sign language she cannot fail to understand, she knows us pledged to her as she to us.

Is it a story, reader mine? Does "Dummy" speak, or do I, save with finger and pen-tip? Nay. Then I am sure it is no sin to call it what I said I would, "A Story Without Words."

I seem to see her quaint figure at the gate where we have left her so many times, this grateful-hearted, tender-minded "Dummy," and I wave adieu and waft silent benedictions.

If aught I have written or shall write concerning these unfortunates leads any one anywhere to

a deeper interest in the city's or the town's wards, then am I also blest.

This very, very little one, the leaves of whose mortal volume I have simply allowed the breeze to turn to-day—you only hear their faint rustling, reader mine—is as "a spring shut up, a fountain sealed."

She lives a pauper's life; by and by she will die a pauper's death and receive pauper burial.

"Rattle her bones over the stones,  
She's only a pauper whom nobody owns."

There is another side to the story, however, only to be known and read when that "mortal puts on immortality." Then—oh, then!—no more "a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." He who unstopped deaf ears and loosened tongues in Time's long buried centuries is the "same yesterday, to-day and forever." He shall break the seal, shall roll away the stone, and "make all things new."

MADGE CARROL.

## MISS BRITMAN'S LAST LESSON;

OR, AFTER MANY YEARS.

"ONE, two, three, four! One, two, three, four!"

It was dreary and monotonous enough, sitting all day in that cheerless room beside the tuneless piano, giving lessons to dull children, and Margaret Britman heaved a sigh of relief as the last pupil departed. After sitting still for a few minutes, just to realize that her work for the day was over, she stood up, closed the piano, put away the ragged music, and busied herself tidying the room. It was little any one could do to make the gloomy apartment bright or cheery, but what little lay in her power Miss Britman did against the coming home of Dot.

The round table was pulled in front of the fire, and the frugal tea set out, with a good deal of show and very little substance. Miss Britman knew how to make the most of the solitary muffin Dot enjoyed so, and the tiny pot of ham and chicken stood like an island in an ocean of china plate. The majolica teapot was hidden under a cozy crewel, embroidered in the highest of art patterns, the spoons and forks were silver in the last stage of attenuation, and the cloth, though white and fine, was darned out of all identity of the original pattern. The few bright little water-colors on the walls but made the darkness of the drab paper more visible, and no arrangement of the scanty furniture could disguise the fact that the walls were hopelessly crooked; still, in spite of disadvantages, there was something about the little room that struck one on first entering. Perhaps it was the air of refinement struggling with the aggressive poverty; perhaps it was the pale,

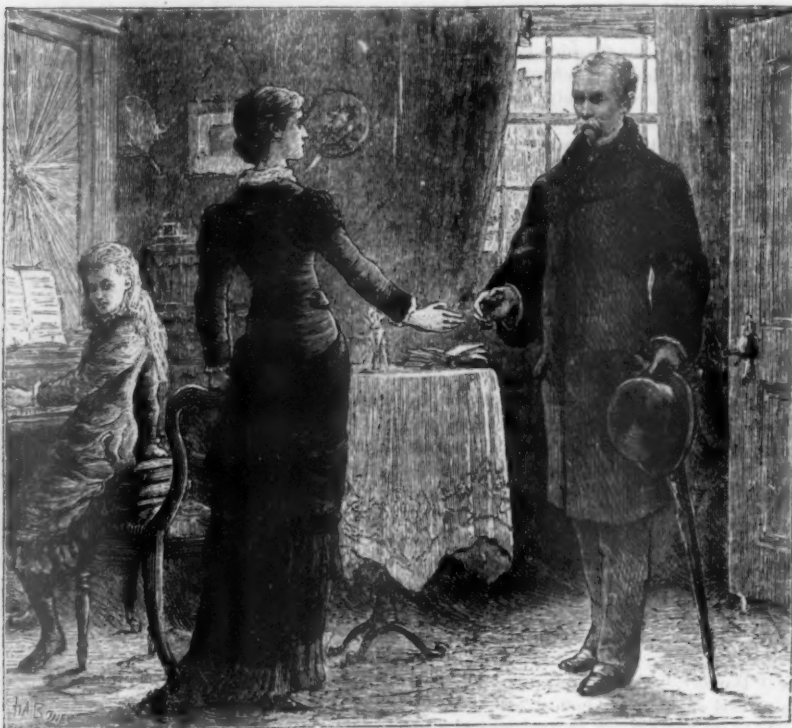
patient face of Margaret Britman, with its frame of prematurely gray hair and meek, sorrowful eyes. Very slowly she moved about, for she was weary, and her thoughts were heavy, for she was anxious about Dot. She had been out as a daily governess for a whole year, but her salary was small, and her wants seemed to increase out of all proportion to her earnings. Boots and gloves wore out, hats and gowns got shabby in a frightfully short time; and Miss Britman felt that she could not relax a single effort or spare herself a

"Take off your things, dear, and have some hot tea. Here are your slippers, all nice and warm."

"Thanks, dearie. Oh! it is nice to get in-doors, if you could only imagine what it's like outside, auntie: streets three inches deep in liquid glue, fog thick enough to drive a nail in and hang your ulster on—"

"Dot!" Miss Britman interposed mildly.

"Fact, auntie. I was really bewildered at Regent Circus, and had to throw myself on the



"PHILIP FERRIS STOOD BESIDE HER."—P. 618.

single monotonous lesson, for Dot's wants had to be supplied somehow. Just at five o'clock she came up the stairs, singing lightly:

"She'd a rose in her bonnet, and oh! she looked sweet  
As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat."

"She wouldn't look sweet if she had to be out in such ghastly weather as this, would she, auntie darling?" and Dot kissed Miss Britman energetically on both cheeks. "There! what a heartless thing I am, to come near you all dank and foggy. My hair is perfectly limp," and she pushed back a mass of golden waves from her forehead.

mercy of a policeman; then an obsequious young man followed me all down Oxford Street, and kept bobbing his umbrella against mine."

"Oh, my darling, that you should have to endure such things!" Miss Britman cried, and her slender white fingers were interlocked nervously. "Oh, that I could spare you, Dorothy!"

"Never mind, auntie dear; it doesn't worry me in the least. Besides, I think—but wait a minute till I put away the tea-things and turn down the gas." And having done so, Dot sat down on the rug and laid her head on her aunt's lap. "I've got something to tell you, auntie."

"Yes, darling," Miss Britman said after wait-

ing a few minutes, for Dot was in no great hurry to begin.

"Aunt Margaret, did it never strike you that some day or other I might have a lover?" she said, slowly.

"Dorothy, Dorothy, I never thought of that!" Miss Britman cried. "Darling, I can't give you to any one; you are all I have in the world."

"Let me tell you all about it first, auntie," Dot said, gravely. "It came about in the simplest way—so simply that I hardly know how or when it began. It seems now as if Mr. Ferris always came into the school-room, but I never thought much about it till to-day, when he looked at me so strangely, and held my hand ever such a time; then he said, 'Miss Derwent, I want to have a little serious conversation with you. May I call on you at home?' Of course, I said I should be very pleased, only I was never there in the daytime. 'Then may I call in your absence?' he said, 'and speak to your father?' I told him I had no one but you, auntie, and he seemed surprised for a moment; then he said he'd call on you to-morrow. I suppose he wants to ask your permission to—to marry me. What else can he want, auntie?"

"What, indeed?" Miss Britman said, a little absently. "Tell me a little more about this Mr. Ferris, darling."

"There's not much to tell, auntie. He's Mrs. Carnforth's brother, and has been in India ever so long—twenty years, I believe. He's very rich and very kind, and—that's all, auntie. Just think of my marrying a rich man," Dot continued reflectively, "and having servants, carriages, lovely dresses, everything. It seems just like a fairy tale."

"But, Dot," Miss Britman said, after a long silence, "my dear little one, do you love this Mr. Ferris?"

"Love him, auntie! I don't know. I haven't thought much about that yet; but if he's nice, and kind, and rich, don't you think we might be very happy? I do so want you to have lots of pretty things—soft, dull satin, sealskin mantle, real lace. O dear! it would be nice! You'd look sweet in a seal coat, auntie."

Miss Britman sighed gently. The time had long gone by when dress had any charms for her, if, indeed, it ever had, and Dot's visions only made her more sad. Clearly, the child was slipping away from her. For eighteen years she had cherished her, and now the first person who passed by and saw her fresh, fair, young beauty, might bear her away. It was all just and natural—palpably and practically for Dot's good—still, it was bitterly hard; and Miss Britman sat by the dying fire thinking it all over, and weeping in her unobtrusive way, long after the child had laid her sunny head on her pillow and fallen asleep. Far

away in the past, Miss Britman's thoughts wandered to a hushed and darkened chamber, where she bent down to catch the last faint, fluttering accents of one who was lingering on the threshold of eternity.

"My child, Maggie—my poor baby—my almost as helpless husband—you will not forsake them. Promise me, Maggie, that you will take care of them." And Margaret Britman kissed her dying sister's face and promised. All the remembrance of the dreary, dreadful days that followed rushed upon her—Dot a helpless infant, her father stricken with blindness, both dependent on Maggie. Then in the midst of it all came a still greater trial. The gentleman Margaret was engaged to was offered a lucrative appointment in India, and he wished her to go with him. They had been engaged for three years, and now there was nothing further to wait for. Here was a divided duty. Margaret loved the man she had promised to marry, but how could she forsake the helpless baby and its equally helpless father? How could she keep her promise to her dead sister if she went to India?

Her lover left her in anger. "A divided love such as hers was not worth having," he said.

"But they are so helpless," she pleaded; "only let me stay with them a little while."

"You may stay with them forever for me," was the angry reply, and the next day came a little packet of letters and a lock of golden hair, and Margaret Britman's romance was hidden out of sight forever.

A few years, and Robert Derwent died, leaving nothing but difficulties behind him. Miss Britman took a lodging in a distant part of the city and toiled for the child for long, weary years, late and early, through trials that would have overwhelmed a less resolute and devoted woman; she toiled on to give her niece a good education, and enable her to earn her own bread when she should be called away. And now, here was some one stepping in—Philip Ferris returned from India—Philip Ferris, who had said farewell to her in anger eighteen years before—the one love and lover of her life was coming to see her next day to ask for the child, the motherless baby who had so unwittingly separated them eighteen years before. It certainly was passing strange.

The next day was gray and gloomy, fog overhead, damp underfoot, cold everywhere, but Dot was in high spirits, in spite of the atmosphere.

"I dare say Mr. Ferris will be shocked at seeing what a hideous house and street we live in, auntie. I can imagine him saying, 'What a distinctly dreadful place?' In truth, I sha'n't be sorry to leave Berry Street. Now good-bye, dear. Be very gracious to Mr. Ferris; and O auntie darling! I do hope you'll like him, because, you know, we've got to live with him, perhaps."

"Dot, my love, do you really think that you

like this gentleman well enough to marry him? He's old enough to be your father."

"So he is, auntie dear; but that don't matter much if he's nice and kind, and ever so rich—and he is."

Nice and kind, and ever so rich. That was Dot's idea of a husband, and her aunt felt sad and sorry, and some way disappointed; she did not know where the child had got such ideas. And then came the awful thought of losing her, for she remembered what Mr. Ferris had said about a divided love. She would have but a small place in Dot's new home and new life.

Never did a day seem so long to Miss Britman. She had put on her best black dress in the morning, and taken a little extra care with the arrangement of her still abundant hair; that was all the external preparation she had made for the visit, but her heart throbbed wildly at every ring of the bell or step on the carpetless stairs. But the morning passed—three, four o'clock, and she breathed more freely; perhaps he wouldn't come that day; perhaps he wouldn't come at all. So she went on more patiently with her pupil, a dull, tiresome child.

"One, two, three, four!" she repeated over and over again. She did not hear a step on the stair, nor a gentle tap at the door, did not observe it open, and when she looked up Philip Ferris stood beside her. For a moment her brain reeled, and she had to hold on to the chair-back to steady herself; then she held out her hand in welcome.

"You may go now, my dear, and I'll give you the remainder of your lesson to-morrow," she said gently, and the child wriggled off the stool, and departed joyfully.

"Margaret?" That was all he said when they were alone, with one hand holding one of hers, and the other on her shoulder—"Margaret?"

"You have come to speak to me about—about Dorothy," she faltered, feeling all the color forsake her face.

"No; I have come to speak about myself and you—to ask you to forgive me, if you can; to ask you to let me make atonement for my cruelty and folly; to ask you if it is too late for us to be happy even now. Dear, I only learned yesterday how true and loyal you had been; I fancied I alone was faithful. Can you, will you forgive me, Margaret?"

"There is nothing to forgive, Philip."

"Then it is not too late. We may be happy still."

"But Dorothy?" Miss Britman said, faintly.

"Dorothy knows. It was her resemblance to you that first attracted me. But the child must not come between us and our happiness a second time, and we will both take care of her. I think she will be better pleased to have me for an uncle than a husband."

"But, Philip, she thought—"

"Yes, dear, but now she understands. Margaret, you belong to me, and you must be obedient, so prepare to leave Berry Street to-morrow."

"But my pupils, Philip?"

"Dear, I will arrange all that. My brave, patient Maggie, you have given your last lesson."

### DISTRUST.

GOD does not care. The happy suns arise,  
And tread their golden pathway endlessly,

To sink, content, beneath the radiant skies,  
And shine on other worlds we may not see.

These are His works—creations grand and vast,  
Moving, well-ordered, thro' the wide Unseen;  
How knoweth He to whom there is no past  
How one sore heart can long for what has been?

The troubled sea of human sin and wrong  
Beneath His eye forever seethes and rolls,  
Can He to whom eternities belong  
Care for the little pain of single souls?

I said: We suffer and He does not know,  
We look and long and pray—He does not heed,  
The potter fashioneth the rude clay so,  
Better that we were earth or stone indeed

Than human souls but thinly veiled with clay,  
And thrust into a world unasked, unsought,  
To hunger, thirst and question as we may,  
And faintly guess at meanings dimly caught.

To find a few brief moments' resting-place  
Upon some strong soul leaning toward our own,  
And then, between an awful, unbridged space,  
Ourselves left to ourselves, alone, alone!

And God above upon His steadfast throne,  
Looking unshaken down the surging years,  
We, the unknowing, He the great Unknown,  
A distance measureless unto our fears.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nay. God hath taken pains to make each soul,  
And fashion for it yearnings all its own.  
The finest bit of the mosaic whole  
Is polished by the Master-hand alone.

Then strive and yearn and question tho' we must,

Let underneath this rock of refuge rest,  
He built the mountains, but He weighs the dust,  
O doubting heart! God's ways are always best.

MARJORIE MOORE.



## TOM YORKE'S LEGACY.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "THE OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "BY STILL WATERS," ETC.

## CHAPTER V.

WHAT MONEY COULD NOT DO.

**T**OM and Rosa took their holiday and came back to the town. They chanced to reach it sooner than they had expected, sending on a telegram to announce their approach to Reggie.

He did not meet them at the railway station. Each said to the other that he might easily have engagements which he could not set aside. They would go straight to the same rooms of the same hotel, and he would be sure to find them.

Tom left Rosa to rest herself and wandered out. An inquiry at the college elicited the fact that the examinations had ended only the previous day. The janitor knew Mr. Reginald Denison; he had seen him in the quadrangle yesterday, and he reckoned he should see him again in the course of an hour or two, for there were two or three letters waiting for him, and he pointed to a window in a corner, with a number of envelopes ranged against the panes, and among which Tom saw his own telegram. In answer to Tom's question, had Mr. Denison passed the examiners, the man looked up with a significant glance and said it was not for him to know—the announcement of results was not yet made. He did not know where Mr. Denison lived.

Tom did not care to press any more questions; he took out a card, wrote his temporary address upon it, and asked the janitor to put it beside the other missives awaiting his brother-in-law. And then he went back to Rosa.

They sat indoors, fearful of missing Reggie. But afternoon and early evening passed and it was nearly nine o'clock when a waiter came up-stairs and laid a card before Mr. Yorke. Tom rose, with an air of some perturbation. The name on the card was that of the stranger already advancing into the room. "Mr. Cameron" was a young man, with something of country freshness lingering on a face bright and keen with mind. With a brief word of apology for intrusion, he at once stated his errand.

He believed Mr. Yorke was Mr. Reginald Denison's brother-in-law; he saw his card left for him at the college. Could Mr. Yorke give him the least idea where Mr. Denison might be found?

"No," Tom said; "they were waiting for him themselves. He did not know even where he lodged. When they had been last in town he had said he was just moving from his then address. Might he ask if Mr. Denison was wanted for anything very urgent?"

"Well, yes," the visitor admitted, "but scarcely

for any business of Mr. Denison's own." He was perhaps quite unable to control a quick glance at Rosa—Denison's sister, as he had decided in his own mind. Rosa at once got up and left the room.

"The exams ended yesterday," said Mr. Cameron, in a low voice, "and a great many fellows are down."

"Is my brother-in-law down?" asked Tom, feeling certain of the answer.

"He is," said the stranger. "He was plucked on his written papers; he was not even let in for his orals," he added hastily, as if the worst had better be told at once.

"It is the second time," said Tom, drily.

"But I am here about another young fellow," said Mr. Cameron. "He is plucked, too, and since he heard it he has been a-missing."

Tom started to his feet.

"Is Reginald likely to be a-missing, too?" he cried.

The visitor rose. "Oh! no," he said, with a touch of scorn; "you see, to this other poor boy—young Douglas—being plucked probably meant instant withdrawal from the University. It does not seem to signify anything to young fellows like Denison."

"Truth is truth," said honest Tom. "It nearly meant last time that Denison should be withdrawn; it will mean it now. Since his last failure it is I who have been maintaining him here."

The stranger gave a vigorous "Whew!" and seemed instantly drawn nearer to Tom.

"Denison isn't in my set; I'm one of the poor, hard-working ones," he said; "but he gave us all to understand that he was a great swell, and went in for all the 'life' which constitutes the most important part of some collegiate careers! He and his set had a great jollification last night—they were all of them plucked, you see, and had to keep their spirits up—till consolatory letters came from home," he added, with biting sarcasm. "My poor little friend Douglas was there at the beginning, went out, and has not been seen since. He knew he would not get a consolatory letter! I've been round the docks once already. A student was found drowned there last session. Young donkeys! but they make those suffer most who least deserve it," he concluded, with a touch of real pathos in his voice, for he knew the secret tragedy of many a manse and farmstead, whose best hopes had returned wrecks, or had utterly foundered out of sight.

"But where do you think my brother-in-law can be?" asked Tom.

"Ah! that is a question," said the other. "Nobody seems to know his present address. I want to go to work as quietly as I can, for young Douglas's sake. Will you object to come with me, and try what we can find out?"

"Certainly," answered Tom; "but I must first go and speak to my poor little wife—his sister."

He returned hurriedly.

"She wants to come with us," he whispered. "She says Reggie is her own brother—and it does seem cruel to leave her alone here, in this strange place."

The other demurred. "We may have to go where we should not like to take her," he said.

"Ah," said Tom, "there opens a question! She is my wife now. She may be the mother of my sons. How can she fulfill her duties if she does not know the temptations which will beset them, not merely in the abstract, as a great army before whom anybody would flee, but as they really approach, insidiously, like guerilla soldiers, who

they would allow men to attend. There are some who can afford to linger year after year, getting no nearer their goal. We have our standing jokes about them. They are called 'chronics,' and 'gentlemen long connected with the University,' and so forth. And their influence is thoroughly bad. The habits they indulge in and encourage make utter shipwreck of many a promising craft, while they themselves drift on, as my father says he has seen water-logged hulks do, as if the very sea did not think them worth swallowing."

But all their searching did not find Reginald Denison nor young Douglas. They discovered Reggie's lodgings, however. The rooms were handsome rooms in a fashionable street.

"People who live on other people's money generally do live pretty well," observed the student.

That young man was clearly something of a cynic.

"Mr. Denison had not been at home for two days," the landlady said. "He had been away so before—visiting his friends, probably; though he had given her no notice of any such intention."

The rooms themselves were a revelation; there was a rack filled with costly pipes of various sorts, a row of

meretricious photographs on the mantelpiece, a blotting-case filled with tinted note-paper, while a translation of some frivolous French novel lay on the table. Tom and Rosa crept back to their hotel with sore hearts. Nothing more could be done till morning. But neither of them closed their eyes that night, and they were astir again at the earliest hour that it was possible to ask for breakfast.

They were at that meal when Mr. Cameron was again announced. He had a letter in his hand. One of the lost sheep was found.

"Young Douglas reached home late yesterday afternoon," he said. "He had walked the whole distance—nearly forty miles—through the previous night and day. This is from his father, who sent me word as quickly as he could. The boy has



FROM THIS OLD WORM-EATEN READY-RECKONER THERE DROPPED SOMETHING.—p. 653.

lay us low before we notice they are there. Let her come!"

Tom and Rosa never forgot that evening's wandering, and all the glimpses they caught of a great city's cruel sin and levity, so dexterously veiled from the sight of all save those who go to seek it. They saw crowds of weary, faded young faces, they heard the metallic laughter and the rapid jest. Their companion and guide went sternly on his quest; it was a task he had done before, and might have to do again.

"The old song says, 'Send a fule to the college, ye'll no make him think,'" he whispered to Tom; "and if a lad is set to learning who will not or cannot learn, it is the same as giving him up to the devil. I think the college authorities would do well to set a limit to the number of sessions

made a full confession of all sorts of folly, and is worn nearly to death. I hope that with a few hard conditions, and entire submission to strict discipline, he will be allowed to go on again. But if he is to do any good he must get into quite a different set."

"I don't think Reginald Denison will lead him away again," said Tom, a little grimly.

"You needn't be under the least anxiety about him I feel certain," the student assured the Yorkes. "You see, poor Douglas has been quite solitary in his fit of repentance. I would advise you to go again to Denison's rooms."

They took this advice, scarcely exchanging a word on their way. The door was opened by the landlady.

"The young gentleman is returned," she whispered. "I have not seen him yet, and he does not know that anybody has been inquiring for him."

"Show us to him straightway, and unannounced," said Tom.

Happy indeed are they who have had no personal experience of such a scene as that which followed. Reginald started up with one swift flush of shame, of which, alas! he was ashamed, and then prepared to take an attitude of coolness and defiance.

Who had dared to say he did not work? Anybody might be unfortunate. Who had dared to say anything against his friends?—and he was not a child to be dictated to about his companions. And it had never been his particular wish to be at college; he was only there to gratify his father. His own ambition had been a commission in the army. He was very much indebted to Tom's kindness, but he had never asked for it. He did not want anybody to make sacrifices for him. He did not profess to understand gratitude. Let each only do what he liked, and then everybody would be quite satisfied.

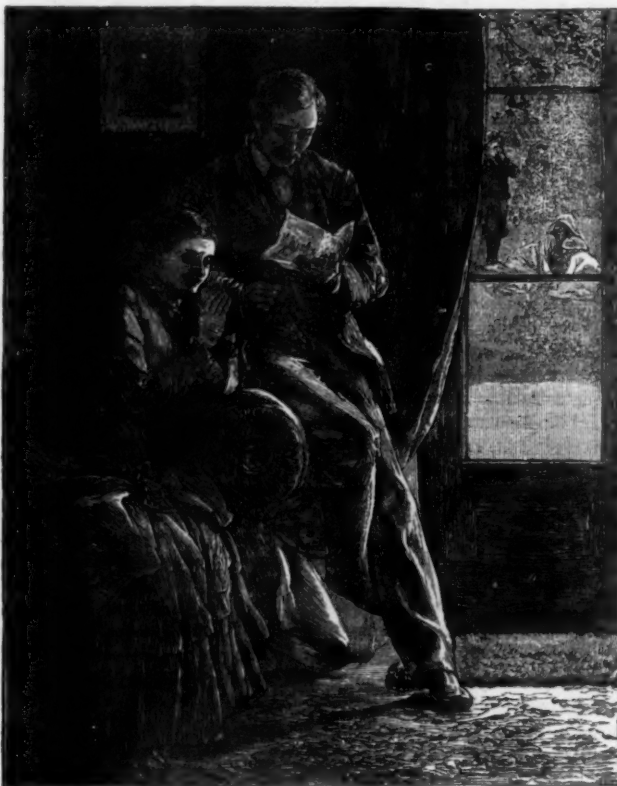
"O Reggie, Reggie!" cried Rosa, tortured, "Tom would never have dreamed of helping you, only poor mamma was so afraid of you injuring your health and ruining your chances by trying to teach

and learn at the same time. You know that is what you suggested doing; and it sounded as if you were so much in earnest!"

Reggie "pshawed." He had only mentioned the possibility of making his own way by teaching, to let his father know what might be done. He would certainly never have done it; not he. If his father had persisted, and Tom had not come to the rescue, then he should have cut the whole concern.

Tom was thoroughly roused.

"Do so now then, Reggie," he said, with quiet



"'WON'T IT BE NICE TO SEE REGGIE AGAIN?' SAID ROSA."—p. 655.

firmness. "I shall write at once to your father and let him know how matters stand, and that the only further help I shall give you will be to go abroad, where you will have to do hard and honest work to gain your daily bread."

Reggie answered saucily that he would not even claim so much help as that. Yet presently he let slip a few phrases of half-masked regret and repentance. But Tom had now seen Reggie as he really was, and Tom was firm.

Young Mr. and Mrs. Yorke stayed longer in the University town than they had dreamed of doing.

They stayed while letters went to and from Westerham; they stayed while arrangements were made for Reginald's departure for South America, where a place could be found for him on a vast, lonely estancia belonging to an old friend of his father's. Mr. Denison determined that his son should go out as steerage passenger, with the homely outfit of a plain workingman. The mother's heart rebelled at this, and she made a passionate appeal to Tom, but Tom had grown wiser by experience, and he backed up the father's just severity. Rosa did not plead her brother's cause now by a single word. But it cut Tom to the heart to see how often the tears would start to her eyes when she tried her uttermost to keep them back.

"If this hurts you so much, little wife," he said, tenderly, "I must try to do something more for your sake—not for Reggie's, remember."

"No, no," she said, forcing a smile through her falling tears. "No, no. I love poor Reggie too well for that. You are quite right. Only I am sorry that it is so."

Reginald left for the South one day before they did. He was to pass on to Westerham, stop there only for one hour, and go straight through to Southampton, and off.

"Thank God he is getting another chance yet!" thought Tom, as he saw the dissipated faces, and heard the flippant badinage, of the comrades who appeared at the railway station to see his brother-in-law start.

"And that is all our good fortune has been able to do for Reggie," wept Rosa, as the train slowly steamed away.

## CHAPTER VI.

### IN THE READY-RECKONER.

THE Yorkes' honeymoon had lengthened unconscionably. Tom, who had a positive repugnance to the thought of living idly on the wealth he had not earned, was longing for the old harness again. But he knew his mother would never be quite satisfied unless he visited Prudence Pearl's last home, and made himself acquainted with its surroundings. So directly Reggie was off he wrote to Miss Pearl's landlady—Mrs. Hill, of Prospect Place, Cradford, in the "Black Country"—and asked whether she could receive him and his wife as temporary inmates of the rooms occupied by her late lodger.

The answer, courteous but brief, was in the affirmative.

Why Prudence Pearl, free to make choice of a home anywhere, had chosen Cradford, remained a profound mystery. It was one of the dreariest of manufacturing towns, made up of long, straight streets of tall, monotonous houses, though a fine

old church in a straggling market-place bore testimony to a time when it had been poorer and more picturesque. There were evidently but few wealthy residents in Cradford; its great manufacturers had seats on the moors which stretched around it, and their wives and daughters generally were too prone to speak of it as if it was the dust-heap where they threw their refuse, rather than the shaft whence they drew their wealth. The best residents in Cradford were its under-paid clergy, its over-worked doctors, its thriving lawyers, its mill-managers, and the higher sort of mercantile employes.

Prospect Place was within a very short walk from the heart of the town, but at least it was out of sight of the tall mill chimneys, though it must have got its name from its lack of prospect. It was a short thoroughfare, and its dozen houses were all exactly alike, neat, genteel and dismal.

Within her little hall, Mrs. Hill herself received them—a pale, patient-looking widow, with resolute lines in her face, though its expression was subdued and sweet. She led them straight to Miss Pearl's former apartments, and, saying that they were exactly as she had left them, and that she hoped that they would make themselves as comfortable as possible, she retired.

After all the agitation they had gone through in the North, the Yorkes found the quietness and regularity of Prospect Place quite a grateful repose. They saw little of Mrs. Hill's two daughters—one young and beautiful, the other plainer and sad-looking, with traces of premature wear and care on her young face. They both went out early every morning, they both came home to dinner, they both went out afterwards, and did not return till evening. On Sunday they both went with their mother to the old church in the market-place; and Tom and Rosa, going too, saw them joined there by two young lads, very much their juniors, who returned home with them and spent the remainder of the day in Prospect Place. In the afternoon, a sound of sweet singing ascended to the Yorkes' apartment, and afterwards they heard the voice of the elder daughter reading aloud.

"Are those Mrs. Hill's sons?" Rosa had inquired of the little serving girl.

"Oh! no, ma'am," she said; "they're no relations. Their father was in business with Mr. Hill years ago, and since they've been orphans they've always come here on Sundays."

And Rosa, returning from an evening walk, noted the sisters seated at the parlor window, the one mending a boy's socks, the other a shirt.

"They are people after mother's own heart," said Tom. "I think I shall have to get her to come and visit them herself. I fancy they would be franker with her than they are with us."

For he had not been able to learn much of poor



Prudence Pearl. She had suffered considerably during the winter before her death, the Hills said, though before she left Prospect Place for her last fatal trip she had believed herself quite recovered. As the lawyer's clerk had reported, they launched into no praises of her nor any accounts of their own devotion to her.

There had been a pouring rain for two whole days, and perhaps Tom had begun to find the neat, narrow rooms a little dismal before he was driven to the desperate resource of turning over Prudence Pearl's old books, still standing as she had left them, on a little corner shelf in what had been her bedroom.

It was small wonder that the lawyer's clerk had not thought these worth carrying off. There were an old grammar, an old dictionary or two, a few old volumes of verses. There was also an old ready-reckoner. Tom naturally drew that out last, since it certainly had the minimum promise of interest.

The books were all clean enough; their top edges and their backs had been carefully dusted and rubbed, but Tom had an impression that they had never been drawn from their places since Miss Pearl's death. That thought had occurred to him because a few faded and unfragrant dried flowers had fluttered out as he opened the volumes. Who had put them there, and when, and why? Had there been days when even Prudence Pearl herself had wished to store some relic of a place—a date? Since Tom had lived in her rooms, and had seen the people whom she had known, he could better enter into his mother's feelings—the dead woman had become more of a living personality and less of a skeleton hand holding out to him a bag of gold.

But from this old worm-eaten ready-reckoner there dropped something heavier than a faded flower. It was an envelope—an envelope containing something.

Tom stooped and picked it up. It was not sealed. He turned it over; it had an address—his own name!

He thought afterwards that the moment he saw that he knew what it contained!

He drew out its inclosures. There were two; he opened them hastily, one after the other. The one was a document, the other was a letter—another letter to him from Prudence Pearl. And both it and the document bore date only two months before her death.

He read the letter first:

"Dear third Cousin Thomas Yorke [it ran, with its grim exactness], I once made a will, leaving you everything. I have now made another in which I leave you only one thousand pounds—and a very pleasant surprise that will be for you. I have left the rest to my landlady and her daugh-

ters. They are good people; they have been faithful to me, not knowing I was rich, but believing me to be just a cross, disagreeable, poor old maid. They received me and served me for two years, on the same principle that they took in a very ugly stray kitten—because they were sure nobody else would. They have given me more than I give them in return, for they have given me back my faith in human nature, and with it my faith in God. I know the sorrows and troubles they have had, know them as matters of fact, not as matters of their reporting; I have watched them toiling for their daily bread, scarcely getting one day beforehand with the world, and yet always ready to give a helping hand. There was a story in my life once; nobody now living knows it, Thomas Yorke, and I am not going to tell it. Only it made me what I am, and I thought it justified what I became. But Mrs. Hill's eldest daughter has had her story, too, as like mine as the stories of two human beings can be alike, and I saw it had only made her a saint. A woman who has fought down what she must have fought down is fit to be rich, for surely even riches will do her no harm. Yes, Thomas Yorke, I leave my fortune to these three women; it is all I have to give, a poor return indeed to those who showed me myself and led me back to God. It seems almost like an insult to them! Only if anybody has been trained to know how to use it, they have!

"Give my respects to your mother. She must be a true woman not to have had patience with me because I was rich; and she was too sad and sore herself then to have pity on me. Good-bye, now. I think I shall not be long in this world.

"PRUDENCE PEARL."

The accompanying document, a properly attested will, confirmed the statement of the letter. It bore no lawyer's name, and had been witnessed by two people living in an obscure Welsh town, where Prudence must have spent her time during some of her restless and lonely trips from Cradford.

And so Tom Yorke found himself a poor man again!

Tom is no hero of a sensational novel. He did not even remember that probably nobody knew of the existence of the real terms of this will. He was unaware of resisting any temptation when he called Rosa and showed it and the letter to her. Thank God for the brightening prospect for human nature, opened by the fact that while human nature still remains prone to fall, and very accessible to the temptations peculiar to each individual, there are, nevertheless, some sins which for some of us have become impossible.

It is of no use denying that both Tom and Rosa felt this to be somewhat of a blow; yet it remains a fact that on this night Rosa's pillow was not wet with tears, and she had no thoughts about any-

body's injustice or thoughtlessness, but only a heart full of glowing and tender feelings about Tom, and a thousand determinations to be to him a wife worth more than a hundred legacies.

"I do believe my mother won't be sorry," said Tom, as they whispered to each other in the twilight. "It always seemed to her such a terrible thing that Cousin Prudence could feel no claim on her heart warmer than a distant, unknown, unloved blood connection."

"How quietly the Hills took the news," said Rosa; for Tom had hastened to impart it. "The younger daughter only said, 'Mother, you shall not have to care and wear so much now.' But the elder daughter's eyes filled with tears. And Mrs. Hill said, 'Ah, we were rich once before!' and shook her head, as if that time had left some memories she would fain forget."

"What a blessing it is that mother would not leave the old house!" observed Tom, "so that our determination to keep near her compelled us to take only such a dwelling as will still be fit for our circumstances."

"Tom," cried Rosa, "do you know there is something sweet in turning back and taking up the old dreams and the old plans! I've noticed that since we thought we were rich we have not seemed so much better off. Everything seemed to have grown dearer—there did not seem to be more enjoyment going for a pound then than there used to be for a shilling."

"Rosa," said Tom, wisely, "I believe there are a great many poor rich people, pinched in circumstances on many thousands a year; but I think that if you and I are prudent and sensible and industrious, my profession and your housekeeping, and that nest-egg of a thousand pounds put away for a rainy day, will enable us to be something very different—to wit, rich poor people—folks with enough and to spare; their own wants supplied, and something over for other people's."

"We sha'n't have to go back from our offer to pay for little Jack Bell's admission to the Home, shall we?" asked Rosa, anxiously.

Tom ruminated.

"I have it!" he cried at last. "Mother told all those people who had promised to help that she should claim it again for some other case. I'll get her to claim it again for this very one. She shall only ask the help that was already promised—no more. We will make up the difference between that and the sum required."

"Well," said Rosa, softly, "I never could help thinking that when we turned back the mite voluntarily offered by that sweet little companion of Mrs. Bower's, we might have turned back a blessing with it. Money may carry something else besides its own value, don't you think, Tom?" she asked, timidly.

"Darling, I do," said Tom, fervently. "Money

is a good servant to love and prayer, and wisdom and patience, but, like many servants, it is so apt to forget its place, and then it is worth nothing at all!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### CONCLUSION.

Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less  
To make our fortune than our happiness.

YOUNG.

IT is twenty years since our story ended. But Westerham is one of those towns which, while it grows in an orderly and systematic manner, does not change much. Change cannot come near its crowning glory—the beautiful old cathedral.

And Cathedral Row is unchanged too. There is the little house at the end. In summer one would almost say that the same flowers are blooming in its windows that bloomed there when first we knew it.

But inside its tiny parlor there is change, that change which ought always to be, and sometimes is, the most beautiful of all—the gradual falling away of the mortal sheathings, that an angel may be revealed. Mrs. Yorke's brave head is very white now, and her steps are very feeble. Her eyes are dim. "I can scarcely see you, sometimes, dear Tom," she whispers, "but my mind's eye can always see your father. He grows clearer and clearer." Her ears are dull.

"I often fancy there's music when there isn't," she explains, apologetically. Tom and Rosa see her every day, and she is never left alone, for Mrs. Bower's former companion lives with her and cherishes her like a daughter. "I fell in love with Mrs. Yorke the day she came to beg help for the little boy Bell," she says, "and I have never fallen out since."

Mrs. Bower had been dead long ago. Her companion's delight in Mrs. Yorke kept up her interest in Mrs. Yorke's schemes, and when she died she left an annuity to St. Faith's Home, to maintain one friendless child there forever.

Old Mr. Sand, of Broomie Mills, is dead, too; but the guinea which he had invested in little Jacky Bell always made him feel as if he had a property in the boy, and was bound to see that this investment turned out well. He lived to see Jacky leave the Home with a high character and to take him into the Broomie Mills, and to indoctrinate him into habits of thrift, punctuality and hard work. If these were insisted on a little too much as if they were cardinal virtues—well, cardinal virtues are not much without them—and the extra insistence must have only served to counteract the influence of Jack's shiftless, shameless heredity. For if Westerham has not a more prudent and thriving young citizen than Mr. John Bell, neither has it a kinder-hearted, truer man.

But Mrs. Yorke has one fast friend who still survives—Miss Evans. It was in their conference over little Jack Bell's history, and his past, present and future, that she opened up her heart and her own history to Mrs. Yorke. Nobody else knows much about her, though the poor and the sorrowful know how good and how helpful she is.

But who lives now in the red brick house in the Close, which Mrs. Yorke used to admire so much, and which in the brief day of his prosperity her son had wanted to take for her, but which she had refused?

Why, Tom and Rosa live there! "Of course, that's just as it should be," says the old lady, brightly. "When I used to say to my boy, 'Wouldn't that be a nice house to live in?' I meant for him—not for me. And you see he's got it. Tom has done well. I don't say he'll die a rich man—I don't think he will; but he has no need to look grave when another baby comes. That house is just the right one for a growing family—it has such a many ins and outs, one isn't afraid of its overflowing. And it's large enough to take in friends, too. When the Hills from Cradford pay their yearly visit to Westersham the daughters stay there and the mother comes to me."

Let us peep into the wide windows of the red house. A sound of childish laughter comes in from the green old garden. But within Tom and Rosa sit alone. They are reading a letter. It is not addressed to them, but to Rosa's father and mother, and one of her younger sisters has just brought it, as she says, "for a visit," and she has gone to romp with her nephews and nieces while it is read. There are regular monthly letters which make those visits, only occasionally they are carried from the Yorkes' house to the Denisons'.

Mr. Denison has evidently been writing to a certain foreign correspondent concerning some young man who has not been doing well in Westersham, and for whom his friends are anxious; and this is what this foreign correspondent says:

"Send him out here. Sheep are harmless company, and one can't spend money when there isn't a shop within a hundred miles. There is no exorcism for evil spirits of selfishness and profligacy like hard work, hard fare and danger; they find a man out for himself. Tell his mother not to fret. Better that her son should sit in a lonely estancia, writing to her by the light of a candle of his own making, than that he should lounge beside her in her parlor, with his heart outside in refreshment-bars and billiard-rooms. I speak from my own experience, as you know, father. The day that I was let fall hard on the facts of life, without any featherbed slipped in to break the shock, my fortune was made. I hope to be running home for a short visit in a month or two; so if this young townsman of yours can wait till then, I'll

take him out with me. I expect to be with you on Christmas Day. True love to the mother, and Tom and Rosa, and everybody."

"Won't it be nice to see Reggie again?" said Rosa, with a glow of delight on the face which has not grown less pretty because it has grown matronly and motherly.

"Indeed it will," responded Tom; "and isn't it a change since we last parted? It is Reggie who has made a fortune now, and we are just plain, jog-trot people, who are not likely to die in the almshouse!"

He took her hand fondly as he spoke, and she looked up brightly at him.

"And yet things could not be better, Tom," she said.

And are not those good words to end a story?

UNWISE AMBITION.—Intemperance in aims is the source of many of the life-failures which we constantly witness. The unwise ambition of parents frequently induces them to urge their children into careers for which they are wholly unfitted, and where they are soon lost in a crowd or trodden under by superior ability; while, if they had been thoroughly prepared for some humbler sphere, they might have become valuable and respected members of a grateful community. The materials of a good farmer are spoiled in making a petty and insignificant lawyer; a skillful mechanic is lost to the world in making a weak and vapid preacher; an enterprising and successful tradesman is sacrificed for the sake of producing an inferior and useless politician. Sometimes it is the youth himself, against the advice of his parents and experienced friends, who spoils his life in some futile endeavor. Seeing that every place is open to him, he thinks he can enter into any one that it suits his pleasure to select. The question of his fitness does not occur to him, or, if it does, his self-esteem answers it satisfactorily to himself. He does not hesitate to assume responsibilities and undertake duties from which those far abler and wiser than himself would shrink. Other things that he could have done well and honorably he neglects. Forced into an unequal contest with men of superior power, he gradually sinks out of sight and out of mind, and he is fortunate if he be not also out of pocket and out of character.

WHEN the poet Carpani inquired of his friend Haydn how it happened that his church music was always so cheerful, the great composer made a most beautiful reply: "I cannot," he said, "make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel. When I think upon God my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen, and since God has given me a cheerful heart it will be pardoned me that I serve Him with a cheerful spirit."

## THE CHILDHOOD OF DEAN STANLEY.

MANY of my readers who have enjoyed *Tom Brown's School-days at Rugby* will be delighted to find that the little Arthur of those charming pages is a veritable flesh-and-blood personage, of whose early days those who knew and loved him well have much that is interesting to tell. The home of his delicate infancy and childhood was at the rectory of Alderley in Cheshire—a lovely country place in England. The house itself was low, and was built with a wide veranda and upper balcony, where the bird-cages hung and over which roses climbed and bloomed until it was like one of the old eastern gardens of roses hanging in the air. The rooms were filled with old carved oak furniture, and pictures and books which were a continual source of enjoyment to Arthur from the time he could read. The garden, with its beds of quaint devices blazing with color, and its clear stream of water dashing impetuously through one end, seemed especially made to be the delight of happy children.

Arthur's father, Edward Stanley, rector of Alderley and younger brother of Sir John Stanley, who lived at the Park, was small and active, with snow-white hair that contrasted strangely with his dark, eager eyes. He had an acute and penetrating mind, and entered with interest upon questions of science, politics and philosophy, as well as religion, but his interest was not confined to the knowledge of books alone. He loved humanity—in the miniature as well as in the mass—and was the boon companion of all children, but especially of his own, and his seven young nieces at the Park. He loved out-door life, and knew with the intimacy of a life-long friendship the homes and habits of birds and insects; he loved plants, and stones with their hidden histories of old ages in delicately outlined fossils; he felt the delight of his own boy, Owen, in every brook and winding stream, and was skillful in constructing fleets of ships and boats to traverse their rapids and anchor at last in some still, over-shadowed pool. He was the most sympathetic and instructive companion to his three boys, Owen, Charlie and Arthur, and Alderley was a place which well deserved exploring. Far off a dim veil of smoke marked the localities of two great towns, Macclesfield and Stockport, but near by was the wild ridge with the old beacon tower on the cliff, and the sentinel pines, tossed and beaten by the wind, and the quiet mere with the beech-woods growing down by the edge of grassy lawns to its very waters. Each of these—the tower and the mere—had its story, and Arthur delighted in hearing them and weaving new histories around them, as much as Owen, who had a sailor's heart, loved the stories of "those who go down

to the sea in ships, and do business in deep waters."

There were other places invested with a certain glory and picturesqueness from old historic associations, which were especially adapted to stir and kindle the imagination of a thoughtful child—the old inn of "The Eagle and the Child" at the corner of the lane—the chancel, always green under the ivy—the disused font under the ancient yew-tree—and the great clock tower, to the top of which Arthur climbed to see the sunrise, and wrote a poem upon it at eleven years old. Indeed, he soon began to fill his pockets with crumpled papers of verses, and showed a quick and poetic fancy. During the many hours of confinement to the house which his delicate health imposed on him, his mother was his never-wearying companion and confidante—a quiet, penetrating woman, of whom an old uncle used to say in her girlhood, "Kitty has much sterling gold, but gives no ready change." The mother, however, shows vivacity and enthusiasm enough in her sketches of her children—"basking in the sunshine on the lawn and picking up daisies and finding new flowers every day—Arthur expanding like one of the flowers in fine weather." Arthur, indeed, perhaps because he was at first so delicate that they scarcely dared hope he would ever live to grow up, seems generally the central figure in these little home scenes. At the age of two, she says, "Arthur is growing so interesting, and so entertaining, too—he talks incessantly, runs about, and amuses himself, and is full of pretty speeches, repartees and intelligence: the dear little creature would not leave me" (she had just returned home after an absence), "or stir without holding my hand, and he knew all that had been going on quite as much as the others. He is more like Owen than ever, only softer, more affectionate, and not what you call 'so fine a boy.'"

Two years later she writes to her sister, who was devoted to the children: "My Arthur is sweeter than ever. His drawing fever goes on, and his passion for birds and pictures, and he will talk sentiment to Mademoiselle about *le printemps, les oiseaux* and *les fleurs* when he walks out. When we went to Highlake he asked—quite gravely—whether it would not be good for his little wooden toy horse to have some sea-bathing!" In the same year, during the summer, she describes a walk to "Owen's favorite cavern, Mary and Arthur riding by turns on the pony. Arthur was sorely puzzled between his fear and his curiosity. Owen and Mary, full of adventurous spirits, went with Mademoiselle to explore. Arthur stayed with me and the pony, but when I said I would go, he said, coloring, he would go, he thought; 'But, mamma, do you think there are any wild dogs in the cavern?'" They filled a basket with specimens of rocks and loaded the pony, and on



their return home finished by reading "Paul and Virginia"—or, rather, by hearing their mother read it—with great enjoyment. Mrs. Stanley taught her children much by talking with them, relating from other books all that aided them to realize more vividly the book in hand, stimulating them to think for themselves, and developing all that was original and natural. She never, however, cultivated their minds at the expense of their strength, as the frequent glimpses of the children at play or at work in the open air testify. The letter I quoted about the cavern ends with an expression of a fond mother's pleasure in seeing little Arthur "this evening—making hay with all his little strength—such a beautiful color, and such soft animation in his eyes."

There is another letter written by his mother when he was five years old, which shows what vivid impressions were already made on his childish mind by books, and how quickly his imagination conceived the idea of carrying such impressions into action. It is as follows:

"Arthur is in great spirits and looks well prepared to do honor to the jacket and trousers preparing for him. He is just now opposite to me, lying on the sofa reading Miss Edgeworth's 'Frank' to himself (his lesson being concluded) most eagerly. I must tell you his moral deductions from 'Frank.' The other day, as I was dressing, Arthur, Charlie and Elizabeth were playing in the passage. I heard a great crash, which turned out to be Arthur running very fast, not stopping himself in time, and coming against the window at the end of the passage so as to break three panes. He was not hurt, but I heard Elizabeth remonstrating with him on the crime of breaking windows, to which he answered with great *sang-froid*, 'Yes, but you know Frank's mother said she would rather have all the windows in the house broke than that Frank should tell a lie: so now I can go and tell mamma, and then I shall be like Frank.' I did not make my appearance, so when the door opened for their entrance after dinner, Arthur came first in something of a bustle, with cheeks as red as fire, and eyes looking—as his eyes do look—saying the instant the door opened, 'Mamma, I have broke three panes of glass in the passage window!—and I tell you now, 'cause I was afraid to forget.'"

This sensibility, however, resulted in an extreme diffidence, which at eight years old extended even to his mother and made every word a painful effort. He never seemed to forget himself except during their visits to the seashore, when he ran, climbed, shouted and played with all the rollicking carelessness of the genuine boy nature. As the sea baths appeared to strengthen him, it was decided to put him at Mr. Rawson's private school, which was only half a mile from the coast, and after a tearful and clinging adieu,

he was left for the first time in the society of unknown boys. He soon began to feel pride in "our school" and "what we do," felt several inches taller on being hailed as "Stanley" and drilling under the sergeant, who enjoined him, much to his amusement, that he must carry himself "with a bold, swaggering air, and not look sheepish." When at home for the holidays, Owen, the eldest brother, who was the hero of the little circle, was there also, and Mary, Arthur's inseparable companion in reading and drawing, while Charlie and Catharine made an admiring audience in turn for each of the elder brothers.

These summer days were sunshiny ones in so affectionate and bright a household, whether they gathered on the banks of the river on which Owen launched his pet vessel, "the Ariel," or listened to Arthur's talk indoors, when his shyness would disappear for the moment in his keen interest. About this time he wrote a poem on the life of a peacock-butterfly, in the English style of Spenser, with a glossary for obsolete words at the bottom of the page.

Unfortunately, however, Arthur was still not robust enough to ride, hunt and shoot like other boys, and his shyness grew instead of lessening, making his dancing-lessons an intense trial and inducing him to spend hours in solitary reading and to dread the approach of visitors. He had one little experience of traveling in a sea-voyage with his parents, aunt and cousin to Bordeaux, and then a tour in the Pyrenees, which was ecstatic in its fresh delight. Like his nursery-maid, Sarah Bingers, who accompanied them, he felt himself "hexalted into a 'igher sphere," and was wild with wonder and joy when he beheld the great Pic du Midi cleaving the clouds and soaring into a serener heaven above. The excited child could only clasp his hands and repeat, "What shall I do! What shall I do!"

Then followed his Rugby life under Dr. Arnold—the wise and well-beloved teacher who gave Rugby its fame—with his friendship with Charles Vaughn, Thomas Hughes and others. We all remember the picture which *School-Life at Rugby* gives us of the blushing, timid boy, brave with moral courage alone, kneeling down in a group of rough, sneering school-boys, in his bedroom, to say his evening prayers, and the long Biblical talks over Scriptural characters, which clearly showed the leaning of a mind already reverent in spirit, but bold in theory and of the widest liberality in sympathies. Of course, his progress in his studies was rapid, gaining prizes and moving from one class to a higher with ease, known by the boys at last as "the poet," and his especial den, or study, dubbed "the poet's corner." But it is amusing to see the far more intense pleasure of his mother in any account of his games of football, or of a hare and hound hunt, in which

he "got left behind with a clumsy boy and a silly one," at a brook. After some hesitation he decided to jump across, which he did, and, to use his favorite expression for winding up any history of a schoolboy exploit, "and nothing happened." She writes with ill-concealed exultation even of Arthur being caught "in an unlawful letting-off of squibs and having a hundred lines of Horace to translate" as a penalty for his enthusiasm. He soon grew to be devoted to his school-life; not only to Dr. Arnold, who took the greatest interest in him in every respect, and from whom he received "the remarkable distinction (in 1830) of not being examined at all except in extra subjects," and being called up before the masters and school to have it announced that he had done so perfectly well that examination was useless, but also the boys themselves. "Arthur says," writes his mother, "that he does not know why, but all the boys seem fond of him, and he never gets plagued in any way like the others; his study is left untouched, his things unbroken, his books undisturbed." With his younger brother, Charlie, Arthur was never failing in kindness, helping him to help himself in his studies, examining him in the classics with both mildness and strictness, and, as his mother remarked, "explaining everything *so à l'Arnold*" that it was easy to see whose influence has moulded him.

Here are some more extracts from the unconscious biography which may be traced all through the home correspondence of those youthful years:

July, 1831. "I am writing in the midst of an academy of art. Just now there are Arthur and Mary drawing and painting at one table; Charlie, deep in the study of fishes and hooks and drawing varieties of both at another; and Catharine, with her slate full of houses with thousands of windows. Charlie is fishing mad, and knows how to catch every sort, and just now he informs me that to catch a bream one must go out before breakfast. He is just as fond as ever of Arthur." And later on; "I have been busy teaching Arthur to drive, row and gymnasticize, and he finds himself making progress in the latter; that he can do more as he goes on—a great encouragement, always." "I never feel I am doing my duty so well to Arthur as when I am teaching him to dance and urging him to gymnasticize, when I would so much rather be talking to him of his note-books, etc. He increasingly needs the free use of his powers of mind as well as of his body. The embarrassments and difficulty of getting out what he knows seem so painful to him, while some people's pain is all in getting it in; but it is very useful for him to have drawbacks in everything."

Two of Arthur's aunts married very celebrated men. Isabella Stanley became the wife of Captain Parry, the Arctic voyager, when Arthur was only eleven, and the mother could not resist sending for her little son to be present. Later, August:

Hare married Mrs. Stanley's sister—long the beloved "Auntie" of the children—and after her widowhood and return to England Arthur was sent as a pupil to Julius Hare, and owed much to his stimulating and enlarging mental influence. He writes of his rectory as "one of my homes, one of the many places in the world I have to be happy in."

In 1837 his father moved to Norwich, as its bishop, to change the leisure of his Cheshire rectory for a busy and trying life—facing Chartist mobs, bearing with opposition and censure, but through all turning the same loving and earnest face to friend and foe that had before won the hearts of his Cheshire people. Arthur's new home was a quaint and beautiful one, with curious passages and corners and picturesque rooms, the library with its exquisite view; the dining-room, adorned with pictures of the Nine Muses; its vaulted kitchen and broad staircases, and all around it stately gardens and lawns which were indescribably charming. In a small garden at the side of the great cathedral were a pet raven and some tame peewits, which came regularly at the breakfast hour to the good Bishop's dining-room to eat out of his hand, verifying the beautiful words of Coleridge:

"He prayeth best who loveth best,  
All creatures, great and small;  
For the great God who loveth us,  
Hath made and loveth all."

It is not strange that "little Arthur," under the happy and tender influences of his early home-life, ripened into such a noble and earnest Christian, such a sympathetic and wide-minded writer about many ages and lands, such a wise teacher for his royal pupil, the Prince of Wales, and, above all, such an untiring and patient friend to the sick and the poor, into whose darkened lives he sent many a sunbeam, as the wide world knows, under the name of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, late Dean of Westminster Abbey. ELLA F. MOSBY.

Is it necessary to give a child luncheon? If he wants anything to eat between breakfast and dinner, let him have a piece of dry bread; and if he has eaten very heartily at dinner, and, like Oliver Twist, "asks for more," give him, to satisfy his craving, a piece of dry bread. He will never eat more of that than will do him good, and yet he will take sufficient to satisfy his hunger, which is very important.

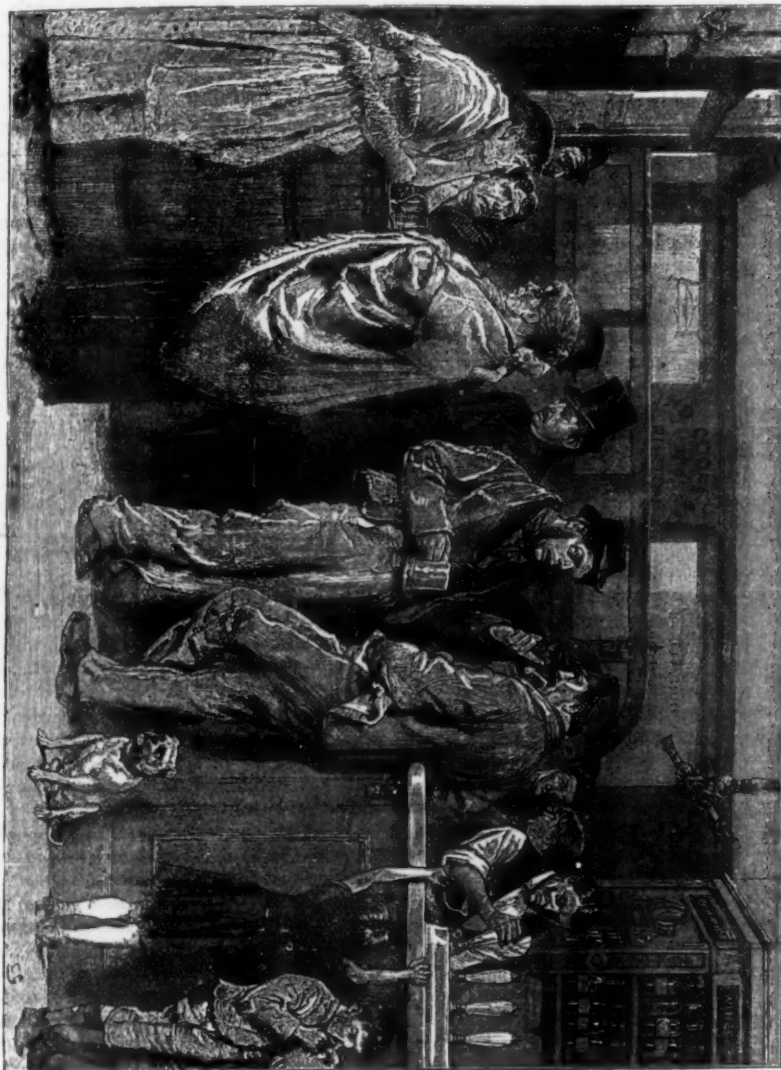
A PEACEFUL conscience, honest thoughts, virtuous actions and an indifference for casual events are blessings without end or measure. This consummated state of felicity is only a submission to the dictate of right nature. The foundation of it is wisdom and virtue, the knowledge of what we ought to do, and the conformity of the will to that knowledge.

## SUNDAY OBSERVANCES.

THE two pictures which we give in the HOME MAGAZINE for this month, "SUNDAY IN THE GIN-SHOP" and "SUNDAY IN THE PICTURE-GALLERY," originally appeared in the London

and, in fact, in all the Anglo-Saxon offshoots of England, the question how Sunday ought to be spent has, ever since the Reformation, been keenly debated, and with much difference of opinion. Few are probably to be found nowadays who desire that the Sunday should be observed with

SUNDAY IN A GIN-SHOP.



Graphic. They tell their own story, and with power beyond the scope of written language. The following brief article accompanied these illustrations in the Graphic:

## SUNDAY AS IT IS AND AS IT MIGHT BE.

"Both in Great Britain and the United States,

the strictness with which it was kept by the devout Jews in olden time, or by the Scottish Covenanters in the seventeenth century; but, nevertheless, there are many persons, of all degrees of religious belief, who, being earnestly desirous to preserve the Sunday, not merely as a day of special religious exercises, but also as a highly-prized interval

of rest from the turmoils and anxieties of the week, are filled with a not unnatural apprehension that if various week-day amusements are to be permitted on Sunday, the avarice of mankind will speedily convert it into a working day, and the great Christian festival, which now gives labor some fifty-two grateful intervals in the year, will vanish altogether, as to some extent it has vanished in France.

"In this, as in many other cases, a middle course will probably be found the most sensible, and, as every one indulges in some relaxation on Sunday, if it be only a walk, the question resolves itself into one of degree, and the point to be decided is what amusements may judiciously be permitted on Sundays.

"Public opinion would certainly be repugnant to the opening of the theatres on Sundays; but museums and picture-galleries come under a different category altogether, and if a man is justified in looking at his own pictures on a Sunday, there can be no objection to his examining the pictures of a public collection.

"But the great argument in favor of opening museums and picture-galleries on Sundays is that the present policy of keeping such places shut is utterly inconsistent, inasmuch as other places of attraction of a far less innocent character are suffered to remain open.

"Of course, we refer to the public houses, whose doors are hospitably flung open on Sunday afternoons and evenings. Very seductive they are to the working man. The weather in this climate is often gloomy, cold and wet. At such times, as the museums and picture-galleries (which he has no leisure to visit during the week) are closed against him, the workman is too apt to waste his money and fuddle his brains in the tavern. Few persons who are not intimately acquainted with the ways of the laboring classes are, perhaps, aware of the degree in which Saturday night and Sunday drinking are indulged in for the simple purpose of passing away the time, how everything is given up for it, and how the home and all its comforts are sacrificed for the sake of a few hours of excitement at the gin-palace.

"In this connection, we may mention 'The Sunday Society,' which was organized for the purpose of procuring the opening on Sundays of museums, art galleries, libraries and gardens. This society numbers several clergymen, among whom is the Dean of Westminster, among its supporters, and has already exercised considerable influence on public opinion, partly through the discussions maintained in its monthly publication, *The Sunday Review*, and partly by one or two practical experiments it has tried, for example, when it arranged for the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery on Sundays, and also when on three success-

ive Sundays the society opened in New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, a gratis exhibition of water-color drawings of Swiss people and scenery, which were eagerly visited by many working people. The artist who lent this collection had been forcibly struck by the *ennui* of working folks on Sunday mornings, by the eagerness with which the passers-by examined a few poor daubs in a tobacco-conist's shop, and by the anxiety with which the 'open sesame' of the taverns at one P. M. was awaited. It may be added that some of those persons who would disapprove of the opening of the National Gallery on Sundays may not be aware that the Greenwich Hospital and Hampton Court Collections, as well as various provincial art galleries, are already open on that day, an example of the many inconsistencies attending the regulations for Sunday observance."

The following article, which expresses our own view of the Sunday question, we reprint from the HOME MAGAZINE, where it appeared some two years ago:

#### ONE DAY IN SEVEN.

The primal idea of Sunday never grew out of a man's brain. No human intelligence ever devised the plan of forcing men to stop short at stated times in their plowing, buying, cobbling and all the million ways of earning food and clothes, to ask themselves, "What is the meaning of it all? Where did I come from before I began this work? Where am I going? What am I to do when the journey is over?"—*New York Tribune*.

NO man who has intelligence enough to think above the natural and sensual degrees of his life, can have any doubt in regard to the true meaning and value of the one day in seven which is given to freedom from labor and the care of providing for the needs of the body. Men may differ in their views as to the right observance of this one day; but there is no really sane man who would not regard its abolition as among the greatest calamities that could befall society.

But the question as to how it shall be observed—the cessation from labor being accorded—must be determined by each individual for himself, and each must be left free to spend Sunday as he pleases, so that he does not violate the law, disturb public order, or interfere with his neighbor's rights or privileges. Any attempt of one class of persons to enforce their peculiar methods of keeping Sunday upon another class that holds a different view in regard to the manner of spending this day has its origin in bigotry, and is wrong and oppressive. The law goes no further than to require of the people that they shall abstain from their ordinary business on Sunday—that labor and traffic shall cease on that day. But as to how this day of enforced idleness shall be spent it says not a word—leaving every one free to get the most good out of it that he can, according to his condition, opinions, needs and feelings. Those



who seek for the highest good make it a day of religious instruction and worship; but there are many, and these constitute at the present time the larger part of every community, who take but little if any interest in spiritual things, and who will not keep the day with any religious observance. And yet Sunday is for these also, and if they find in it only mental and physical recreation, after the toil of a week, it has given them from its ample store of blessings for every degree of life the best they will take.

Everything that hurts the neighbor, and everything that is irreverent or blasphemous, is as wrong for Sunday as for week days—and all violations of divine law rest just here. Now, a moment's reflection will make it clear to any unprejudiced mind that a walk to the country on Sunday does no wrong to the neighbor, and has in it nothing irreverent or blasphemous. And there are minds so constituted that a truer worship may be offered up in the great temple of nature than in a house built by human hands. What is true of a walk in the country is just as true in regard to visiting a library or picture gallery, and spending some of the hours assigned to rest and recreation among books or works of art. The hard-working mechanic, the closely employed clerk or merchant, who does not feel inclined to go to church, would be far more profitably and innocently employed if taste and inclination led him to a library or a picture gallery than if he were to lie stupidly in bed, or were drawn into vicious associations, as so many are in their efforts to kill time. In what lies the difference, before God, of spending one or more hours on Sunday in a library at home, or in spending an equal portion of time in a public library? Do Christian men and women never look on Sunday at the pictures which adorn the walls of their houses, or show them with pride and pleasure to their friends?

Let the over-zealous Sabbatarian, who is so ready to abridge the freedom of others in their use of Sunday, look a little more closely into the ways in which Christian people themselves spend the larger part of each day of rest. Are all the hours given to pious service or spiritual instruction? Is there no use of the library? No enjoyment of pictures at home or in the houses of friends? No cultivation of a taste for the beautiful? No healthful walks, or pleasant, social visiting? No sports with children, or cheerful intercourse with friends? Can he give a reason that any man of sound judgment will accept, or that clearly satisfies even himself, why these things may innocently be done by professing Christians, and yet sin lie at the door of him who, having no books or pictures of his own, seeks a public library or picture gallery in which to spend a portion of Sunday?

The volunteer keepers of other men's consciences are a considerable class in every commu-

nity. As might be supposed, they are, as a rule, too much absorbed in the work of keeping others in the external, narrow way which they call the way to Heaven to give as much heed as might be prudent to their own steps. They lay great stress on mere observance, and denounce and condemn those who do not agree with them with a zeal that is often without knowledge. Too many of them are only self-deceiving Pharisees, who make a parade of religion on Sunday, but who are not distinguished for justice and sincerity in their business life and common dealings with their fellow-men.

But there is a truer and nobler type of Christian men and women, who are steadily growing in numbers and gaining in influence. They are not of the holier-than-thou class, and do not regard themselves as special favorites of God because of any profession or union with any body calling itself a church. They are worshiping Christians; worshiping as well in their observances of the golden rule in business and home and social life as in the congregation of the people on Sunday. With them religion is life, and the life of religion to do good.

Christian men and women of this class are beginning to understand more and more clearly the true meaning of our Lord's word: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," and to see that whatever is good for a man in any of the degrees of his life is right to be done on the Lord's day. If there are those who will not, or who cannot for a lack of the spiritual culture to do so, appropriate to themselves the higher blessings and privileges which this day of freedom from the care of providing for the body gives them the opportunity to accept and enjoy, shall we deny to them the blessings and privileges of every lower degree? If they will not go to church, because the church does not offer them what they desire, shall we shut them out of the library, the picture-gallery, the Park and the garden; when we know that the gates to vice and crime stand open on every side?

You cannot draw men toward the church by dealing with them in this way; but you may, and usually do by such a course, push them farther away from it than they would otherwise stand. The ground of a healthy and cheerful mind, which needs a healthy body to rest upon, is far more favorable to the germination of heavenly seed and the growth of love to God and the neighbor, than the ground of a sour, gloomy and discontented spirit; whatever helps to promote the former and dispel the latter, is good to be done on Sunday. It is good, therefore, for those who have been confined in workshops and stores and close rooms and amid depressing and nerve-exhausting conditions all the week, to get out into the open air in some part of the day on Sunday. To seek if

they can the woods and fields, and to obtain all possible and orderly mental and bodily recreation. What this shall be, each one must be left free to determine for himself, so that he does no wrong or disturb others; and true Christian charity will endeavor to enlarge these means of Sunday recreation instead of seeking to abridge them. Let them be sanctified to use—higher or lower use as the case may be—and the blessing of God will be upon them.

To keep holy the Sabbath is to keep the heart free from evil and to consecrate the day to the service of others. What the character of that service shall be will depend entirely upon the condition and special needs of those we seek to benefit. If we cannot draw them into our churches, let us do the best for them that we can outside of the churches. If they do not care for spiritual things, let us meet them on the natural plane of life, and do for them there the best that is possible. There is no evil in innocent enjoyment—no more evil for Sunday than for a week day. Give the people full liberty in innocent things, and you will the more easily implant in them spiritual things; for these can only take root in the ground of freedom and innocence.

### LIGHT ON SHADOWED PATHS.

"TO some the sky is always bright, while to others it is never free from clouds. There is to me a mystery in this—something that looks like a partial Providence—for those who grope sadly through life in darkened paths are, so far as human judgment can determine, often purer and less selfish than those who move gayly along in perpetual sunshine. Look at Mrs. Adair. It always gives me the heartache to think of what she has endured in life, and still endures. Once she was possessed of every luxury which wealth could furnish; now she is in poverty, with five children clinging to her for support, her health broken, and none to counsel her or lend their aid. No woman could have loved a husband more tenderly than she loved hers, and few wives were ever more beloved in return; but she has gathered the widow's weeds around her and is sitting in the darkness of an inconsolable grief. What a sweet character was hers! Always loving and unselfish—a very angel on the earth, from childhood upward, and yet doomed to tread this darkened pathway! If Heaven smiles on the good, if the righteous are never forsaken, why this strange, hard, harsh Providence in the case of Mrs. Adair? I cannot understand it. God is goodness itself, they say, and loves His creatures with a love surpassing the love of a mother; but would any mother condemn a beloved child to such a cruel fate? No, no, no! From the depths of my spirit

I answer—No! I am only a weak, erring, selfish creature, but—"

Mrs. Endicott checked the utterance of what was in her thought, for at the instant another thought, rebuking her for an impious comparison of herself with her Maker, flitted across her mind. Yes, she was about to draw a parallel between herself and a Being of infinite wisdom and love, unfavorable to the latter.

Even while Mrs. Endicott thus questioned and doubted, a servant opened the door of the room in which she was sitting, and said:

"Mrs. Adair is in the parlor."

"Is she? Say that I will be down in a moment."

Mrs. Endicott felt a little surprised at the coincidence of her thought of her friend and that friend's appearance. It was one of those mysteries into which her dull eyes could not penetrate, and gave new occasion for dark surmises in regard to the Power above all, in all, and ruling all. With a sober face, as was befitting an interview with one so deeply burdened as Mrs. Adair, she went down to the parlor.

"My dear friend!" she said, tenderly, almost sadly, as she took the hand of her visitor.

She looked earnestly into the eyes of Mrs. Adair for the glittering tear-veil and upon her lips for the grief-curve. To her surprise neither was there, but a cheerful light in the former and a gentle smile on the latter.

"How are you this morning?"

Mrs. Endicott's voice was low and sympathizing.

"I feel a little stronger to-day, thank you," answered Mrs. Adair, smiling as she spoke.

"How is the pain in your breast?"

"Still troubling me very much."

Still she smiled as she answered. There was not even a touch of sadness or despondency in her voice.

"The pain not gone yet! How do you bear it?"

"Happily—as I often say to myself—I have no time to think about the pain," replied Mrs. Adair, cheerfully. "It is wonderful how mental activity lifts us above the consciousness of bodily suffering. For my part, I am sure that if I had nothing to do but to sit down and brood over my ailments I would be one of the most miserable, complaining creatures alive. But a kind Providence, even in the sending of poverty to his afflicted one, has tempered the winds to the shorn lamb."

Mrs. Endicott was astonished to hear those words, falling, as they did, with such a confiding earnestness from the pale lips of her much-enduring friend.

"How can you speak so cheerfully?" she said.

"How can you feel so thankful to Him who has shrouded your sky in darkness and left you to grope in strange paths, on which not a single ray of light falls?"

"Even though the sky is clouded," was the reply, "I know that the sun is shining there as clear and as beautiful as ever. The paths in which a wise and good Providence has called me to walk may be strange, and are at times rough and toilsome; but you err in saying that no light falls upon them."

"But the sky is dark—whence comes the light, Mrs. Adair?"

"Don't you remember Moore's beautiful hymn. Often do I say it over to myself, lingering with a warming heart and a quickening pulse on every word of consolation."

And in the glow of her enthusiasm, Mrs. Adair repeated:

"O Thou who dryest the mourner's tear!  
How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to Thee?  
The friends, who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes are flown;  
And he who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone.  
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe."

"None," said Mrs. Adair, "but those who have had the sky of their earthly affections shrouded in darkness can fully understand the closing words of this consolatory hymn. Need I now answer your question, 'Whence comes the light?' There is an inner world, Mrs. Endicott—a world full of light and joy and consolation—a world whose sky is never darkened, whose sun is never hidden by clouds. When we turn from all in this life that we vainly trusted, and lift our eyes toward the sky, bending over our sad spirits, an unexpected light breaks in upon us and we see a new firmament, glittering with myriads of stars, whose light is fed from that inner world where the sun shines forever undimmed. Oh! no; I do not tread a darkened pathway, Mrs. Endicott. There is light upon it from the Sun of Righteousness, and I am walking forward, weary at times, it may be, but with unwavering footsteps. I have been tried sorely, it is true—I have suffered, oh! how deeply! And yet I can say, and do say, it is good for me that I was afflicted. But I meant not to speak so much of myself, and you must forgive the intrusion. Self, you know, is ever an attractive theme. I have called this morning to try to interest you in a poor woman who lives next door to me. She is very ill, and I am afraid will die. She has two children, almost babes—sweet little things—and if the mother is taken they will be left without a home or a friend, unless God puts it into the heart of some one to give them both. I have been awake half the night thinking about them, and debating

the difficult question of my duty in the case. I might make room for one of them—"

"You!" Mrs. Endicott interrupted her in a voice of unfeigned astonishment. "You! How can you give place a moment to such a thought, broken down in health as you are, and with five children of your own clinging to you for support? It would be unjust to yourself and to them. Don't think of such a thing."

"That makes the difficulty in the case," replied Mrs. Adair. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. My heart is large enough to take both of them in, but I have not strength enough to bear the added burden. And so I have come round this morning to see if I cannot awaken your interest. They are dear, sweet children, and will carry sunshine and a blessing into any home that opens to receive them."

"But why, my friend," said Mrs. Endicott, "do you, whose time is so precious—who have cares, interests and anxieties of your own, far more than enough for one weak woman to bear, burden yourself with a duty like this? Leave the task to others more fitted for the work."

"There are but few who can rightly sympathize with that mother and her babes, and I am one of the few. Ah! my kind friend, none but the mother, who like me has been brought to the verge of eternity, can truly feel for one in like circumstances. I have looked at my own precious ones, as I felt the waves of time sweeping my feet from their earthly resting-place, and wept bitter tears as no answer came to the earnest question, 'Who will love them, who will care for them when I am taken?' You cannot know, Mrs. Endicott, how profoundly thankful to God I am that He spares my life, and yet gives me strength to do for my children. I bless His name for this tender mercy toward me when I lie down at night and when I rise up in the morning. I bear every burden, I endure every pain cheerfully, hopelessly, even thankfully. It is because I can undertake the heart of this dying mother, and feel for her in her mortal extremity, that I understand her cause. You have only one child, my friend, and she is partly grown. 'A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure.' Is it not so? Take one, or even both of these children, if the mother dies. They are the little ones who are born upon the earth, in order that they may become angels in Heaven. They are of God's kingdom, and precious in His eyes. Nurture and bring them up for Him. Come, oh! come with me to the bedside of this dying mother and say to her, 'Give me your babes, and I will shelter them in my heart.' So doing you will open for yourself a perennial fountain of delight. The picture of that poor mother's joyful face, painted instantly by love's bright sunbeams on your memory, will be a source of pleasure lasting as eternity. Do not

neglect this golden opportunity, nor leave other hands to gather the blessings which lie about your feet."

That earnest plea was echoed from the heart of Mrs. Endicott. The beautiful enthusiasm, so full of a convincing eloquence, prevailed; and the woman in whose heart the waters of benevolence were growing stagnant felt a yearning pity for the dying mother, and was moved by an unselfish impulse toward her and her babes. Half an hour afterward she was in the sick-chamber, and ere leaving had received the happy mother's solemn gift of her children, and seen her eyes close gently as her spirit took its tranquil departure for its better home.

"God will bless you, madam!"

All the dying mother's thankfulness was compressed into these words, and her full heart spent itself in their utterance.

Far away, in the inner depths of Mrs. Endicott's spirit—very far away—the words found an echo; and as this echo came back to her ears she felt a new thrill of pleasure that ran deeper down the electric chain of feelings than emotion had ever, until now, penetrated. There were depths and capacities in her being unknown before; and of this she had now a dim perception. Her action was unselfish, and to be unselfish is to be God-like—for God acts from a love of blessing others.

"God will bless you!"

Mrs. Endicott never ceased hearing those words, and she felt them to be a prophecy. And God did bless her. In bestowing love and care upon the motherless little ones, she received from above double for all she gave. In blessing, she was twice blessed. About them her heart entwined itself more and more, until her own life beat with theirs in even pulses, and to seek their good was the highest joy of her existence.

Still there were times when Mrs. Endicott felt that to some God was not just in His dispensations, and the closer she observed Mrs. Adair, the less satisfied was she that one so pure-minded, so unselfish, so earnest to impart good to others, should be so hardly dealt with—should be compelled to grope through life with painful steps along a darkened way.

"There is a mystery in all this which my dim vision fails to penetrate," she said one day to Mrs. Adair. "But we see here only in part—I must force myself into the belief that all is right."

"To me," was answered, "there is no longer a mystery here. I have been led by a way that I knew not. For a time I moved along this way, doubting, fearing, trembling—but now I see that it is the right way, and though toilsome at times, yet it is winding steadily upwards, and I begin to see the sunshine resting calmly on the mountain-tops. Flowers, too, are springing by the wayside—few they are, as yet, very fragrant."

Mrs. Adair paused for a moment, and then resumed: "It may sound strange to you, but I am really happier than when all was bright and prosperous around me."

Mrs. Endicott looked surprised.

"I am a better woman, and therefore happier. I do not say this boastfully, but only to meet your question. I am a more useful woman, and therefore happier, for, as I have learned, inward peace is the sure reward of benefits conferred. The doing of good to another, for an unselfish end, brings to the heart its purest pleasure; and is not that the kindest Providence which leads us, no matter by what hard experiences, into a state of willingness to live for others instead of living for ourselves alone? The dying mother, whose gift to you has proved so great a good, might have passed away, though her humble abode stood beside the elegant residence I called my home, without exciting more than a passing wave of sympathy—certainly without filling my heart with the yearning desire to make truly peaceful her last moments which led to the happy results that followed my efforts in her behalf. My children, too; you have often lamented that it is not so well with them as it would have been had misfortune not overshadowed us—but I am not so sure of that. I believe that all external disadvantages will be more than counterbalanced by the higher regard I have been led to take in the development of what is good and true in their characters. I now see them as future men and women, for whose usefulness and happiness I am in a great measure responsible; and as my views of life have become clearer, and I trust wiser, through suffering, I am far better able, under all the disadvantages of my position, to secure this great end than I was before."

"But the way is hard for you—very hard," said Mrs. Endicott.

"It is my preparation for Heaven," replied the patient sufferer, while a smile, not caught from earth, lit up her countenance. "If my Heavenly Father could have made the way smoother, He would have done so. As it is, I thank Him daily for the roughness, and would not ask to have a stone removed or a rough place made smooth."

**THE BETTER WAY.**—It is better to tread the path of life cheerfully, skipping lightly over the thorns and briars that obstruct our way, than to sit down under every hedge lamenting our hard fate. The thread of a cheerful man's life spins out much longer than that of a man who is continually sad and desponding. Prudent conduct in the concerns of life is highly necessary; but if distress succeed, dejection and despair will not afford relief. The best thing to be done when evil comes is not to give way to lamentation, but to seek action—not to sit and suffer, but to rise and search for the remedy.



## A SUMMER EVENING.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

IN CLOVER, July 15th, 1882.

DEAR DAN: Life is heaven. Better not read this letter until October, since my raptures might infect you with a longing to share in rural pleasures, which you have determined shall not tempt you from the routine of grim office duty until early frosts herald the season of hunting and fishing expeditions, dear to the masculine heart. No doubt you will then send me messages which will set me wild to breathe the crystal air, to see the wonderful glory of color in the woods and the shimmer of autumn haze upon the hills; but the story of your ramblings shall make a moving panorama of brightness in my shut-up winter quarters none the less charming because visible to me alone.

But think of it! After the wearing worry of a newspaper correspondent, pledged to the report of the most thrilling intelligence from crowded points of interest and pleasure, what can be more delightful than to drop for two weeks into an isolated farming region, where nothing ever happens to record—where nothing is expected of me but to make myself comfortable in my calico gown, to eat ambrosial berries cool with dew, to break the transparent cells of pale amber honey, fragrant as the white clover blooms from which it was gathered, and to drink night and morning my shining cup of milk, warm from the loving, brown-eyed Alderneys that look with mild surprise over the pasture bars and sniff at me curiously with their delicious breaths?

Realize, if you can, O martyr to the desk! the divine happiness of swinging a hammock beside a blooming rose-hedge, with nothing to do but to rock yourself lightly by the lowest branch of the quivering aspen at hand, while you listen dreamily to the roll of soft winds in the maples overhead, the mellow music of the mowers sweeping through daisy and clover fields, the ripple and fairy whisper of the meadow brook, winding like a silver thread between banks of cool, lush grasses, the tender harmonies of robin, wren, bobolink, black-birds and all the choirs of air, instructing their fledglings in the art of song and the freedom of wing to which they are called.

There is such large leisure in life here. Bless thee, Daniel, if, when we are able to marry, we were to establish ourselves on the farm, we might feel really that we had taken a lease upon eternal life. The cattle of a thousand hills do not move with more leisurely freedom than the rural folk about their work in the fields and along the weed and briar-hedged roads with their queer little water-bare, which mine host, with a jolly laugh, calls "thankee ma'ams," as we jolt over them in our

jogging drives, with involuntary jerks and nods indescribably funny.

But I notice that with all this calmness and repose there is a look of grave and anxious care on these country faces, old and young, as though life were a very solemn matter, after all. May not this grim seriousness come in a measure from narrowness of thought and too close brooding on small personal affairs, without that relaxation in social pleasures and recreations essential to the cultivation and preservation of youthful hope, vigor and animation? Would not a society for the encouragement—for the compulsion, even—of the exercise of social gifts be as clear a benefit to this isolated community as the church meetings, where each is enjoined to make recital of religious experiences? Let me tell thee, Dan, when we settle permanently upon the "Farm," we will found a public library; we will establish an open reading-room; we will institute a social club, with allurements so enticing that not a brother or sister, young or old, of our rural neighborhood shall fail to come in and contribute his or her best talent to the general good, which, of course, will return tenfold to each.

There! There! This moralizing, speculative habit always gets the better of me and becomes such a swift, sly consumer of note-paper that I never know at what tedious page my letter will bring up, and I am forced, for politeness' sake, to come to a stop in the middle of it. It is hopeful that the discipline of newspaper correspondence will aid me in the abatement of such extravagance, particularly if the editorial scissors are mercilessly used in pruning my too aimless and wide-reaching tendrils of thought.

But soft! Here comes the rosy granddaughter and pretty serving-maid of my host, John Ralph, and by her side an evidently adoring swain—can it be? Surely; the "hired man" whom I saw this noon bending to the sweep of the scythe along the meadow hedge, dressed in faded-blue overalls, shuffling, old boots, and slouching, palm-leaf hat.

But now he walks erect in freshly blackened shoes, long, clean-starched linen ulster, a stiff, chafing collar, his Sunday hat above his close-shorn locks, and a full, red rose in his button-hole.

The work of the day is done when the cows are driven back to pasture, and the shining milk-pails turned down on the long bench in the drying-ground, and there is no more care for this happy young man and maid, strolling delightfully along the orchard lane, between windrows of new-made hay which fills the air with a fragrance that rivals the sweetness of the roses.

I can but think as I trace their sauntering course through the tender sunset glow down to the meadow bars upon which they lean and talk—I can but think, Daniel, of the contrast to our own swift promenades along the hot, crowded pave-

ments of city streets, with the discords of Babel in our ears, instead of the vesper song of birds, the cheerful insistence of katydids, and the philosophical discussions of frogs in the rushes by the brook.

Perhaps good Father Ralph, sitting in clean white shirt sleeves on the old-fashioned house porch, sees an expression of envy and longing in my face, for he calls down to me:

"Better come up here an' set with mother an' me, Miss Gibson. You look sorter lonesome down there in the hammock by yerself."

I acknowledge the situation, and accept the invitation with alacrity, taking along my notebook to make record for thee.

"Is them queer dots and figgers any kind o' writin'?" questions my entertainer, eying curiously the open page upon my lap over which my pencil glances in seeming play.

"Phonographic," I explain.

"Oho! that's it, hey?" My observer smiles with amusement. "Can anybody read it?"

"It has to be translated sometimes," I confess. ("But not for Dan," I murmur under my breath.)

"Should think so!" declares John Ralph, with a good-humored laugh.

"Dear child, why, you mustn't set down on the steps with the dew a-fallin'," says my delightful old Mother Ralph, bustling out the door this minute with an unsuspected dash of flour on her round, fair face, which shows she has just been putting the bread to rise for to-morrow's baking. "Come right up and take this chair," and she pulls out the straight-backed, split-bottomed rocker that she knows is my favorite, and pats the gay patchwork cushion, looking at me with a smile of motherly encouragement which I cannot fail to meet with a grateful kiss. Then she seats herself in what seems a grand ancestor of my chair, and unrolls her never-failing knitting—for the dear wrinkled hands are never idle—while she rocks and gazes off absently at the young lovers still leaning on the meadow bars.

"Mother an' me—we take a good deal of interest in the young folks," observed Father Ralph, following from instinct and habit the direction of her tender blue eyes. "It 'minds us of our own courtin' days, ye know," and he laughs softly.

"Ah!—How I would love to hear you tell something of those days," I say, with quickened interest.

"Eh? But I reckon ye know somewhat o' them times," he returns with a wise nod, "an' so ye understand they're more pleasin' to yerself than anybody else. Now, Hanner and me—we hain't much to tell 'bout our love-makin', yit it was wonderful sweet to us—eh, Hanner?" and he gives her arm a soft, sly jog.

The dear old lady's face flushed like a girl's.

"La! don't get father a-talkin', Miss Gibson," she says, picking attentively at a dropped stitch.

"Never shall forgit," goes on the awakened old lover, "the day I asked Hanner to marry me. We'd been livin' all our life in sight o' one nuther 'cross the hills; but 'twas only lately that we'd took to goin' to singin' meetin's an' spellin' schools together, an' a choosin' one nuther fer pardners in the little games we played to the social gatherin's in the neighborhood. I'd got to thinkin' about Hanner most all the time, with the most pleasin' feelin's, and I was jus' beginnin' to guess the meanin' o' things, when one day I was ridin' past her father's house on my bay colt that I had raised, and was a-takin' to the smith's to git shewed, an' I see Hanner a-sittin' outside under the shade of the great elm a-spinnin' away on her little flax-wheel, which was the young woman's planner in them days. All at once it come over me with a rush that I'd got to speak with Hanner, an' I sprung off an' hitched Billy an' went up the path with my heart a-thumpin' like a dozen flails in thrashin' time. An' there Hanner set a-spinnin' as cool an' sweet an' purty an' provokin' as the topmost peach on a branch you can't reach. She had on a blue check linsey-woolsey gown, I remember, an' her hair, for all the world like spun gold, was a-flyin' all 'bout her face in little, wild-grape vine tendrils, like what the girls nowadays try hard to make, but which Hanner couldn't help, as you see," and he points to the lovely, shining ripple of silver hair about the dear wife's face, while she, adjusting her spectacles to aid in her contest with another dropped stitch, exclaims in a shocked way: "Do just hear that man go on!"

"Well," resumes the old lover, laughing softly, "I dunno how I ever got it out, for I was eatin' my heart every word I said; but I managed somehow to tell Hanner that I wanted her for my wife, that my father had lately deeded me fifty acres of his farm, an' that I thought we might go to house-keepin' in the spare room t' home for a spell, an'—but by that time I was out of breath an' felt as though I should die if Hanner didn't give right off some sign of consent. An' d'ye know, she jest sot there spinnin' an' dimplin' an' flashin' her little fingers in the small gourd a-hangin' from the distaff, glancin' at me as much as to say: 'Law suz! as if all this was of any consequence to me!' I couldn't stan' it. I felt a burnin' shame an' wroth goin' all over me, an' I suddenly turned an' strode straight off an' jumped on the bay colt's back, diggin' my heels in his sides as I wheeled him about in a way he wasn't used to, an' that he resented quicker'n a wink by a kick that sent me flyin' over his head agin' the stun wall while he went trottin' off in great glee. I was pretty much stunned with two jilting blows in ten minutes, ye better believe, an' I didn't sense anything very clear till I heerd Hauner a-sobbin' an' cryin' over

me, 'O John! dear, dear John, indeed I love you so much—please not to die! I never meant to let you go off so. It was all just in fun! an' then she actually put her arms round my neck an' k—"

"Now, father!" interposes sweet Mother Ralph, with indignant color.

"Wall, wall," he apologizes soothingly, "'tis kind o' unfair to tell on't, mother, but Miss Gibson is so symp'thetic, ye know. An' I sot right up then, Miss Gibson, 'clothed an' in my right mind,' as the Scriptures say, an' we had a long understandin' talk before I felt strong enough to look after Billy, who'd gone home to tell the news an' scare the old folks, who lost no time in hitchin' up Jerry an' startin' off to find me, dead or alive. But, will ye b'leve it, Miss Gibson, that girl wouldn't promise to have me under a year, an' there I had to wait, an'—"

"But, ye know," says the dear old lady, turning, as though to excuse herself, to me, "I hadn't more'n half o' my housekeepin' linen spun an' wove; an' then I wanted to work a weddin'-gown with leaves an' lace an'—what d'ye see, dear?"

For I am looking with absorbing interest after the younger edition of lovers, who are coming up the lane with an ominous distance betwixt them, the blonde-haired Hannah twirling her hat and humming with indifferent gayety—the honest-faced, manly Joseph striding stoically apart, with hands thrust in his coat-pockets and his head bent in brooding sense of injury.

"Isn't the young Hannah very much like her grandmamma?" I asked, meeting the observant, good-humored glance of John Ralph.

"As like as two peas, Miss Gibson," he chirrup. "An' just as tormentin' with her Joseph, who's only workin' for me in hayin' so's to be nigh his sweetheart. Yit ye see how she's a worryin' of him, I daresay by refusin' the fiftieth time to set the day."

"But Hanner *did* say t'other night that she most wished she had made up her mind to be married on the fiftieth anniversary of our weddin'-day, John, which is the twentieth of this month," says the fond grandmother in generous excuse of her favorite.

"Oh! wouldn't that be lovely?" I cry in a glow. "Let's just make her make up her mind, dear Mrs. Ralph."

"Yes, yes," echoes mine host with brisk delight and decision. "It's the 'pinted time, Hanner."

"But the dear child hain't got anything suitable to stand up in," demurs the careful family mother, "an' there hain't time enough to make nothin'."

"Why—see here!" I flash with sudden inspiration, "where is your wedding-gown of which you were just speaking?"

"Dear me! Why it's in the blue chist," says

grandmamma, brightening with undefined hope. "I've allus kep' it choice an' done up in lavender."

"Just the thing for Hannah, I know. How I wish I could see it," I breathe with ardent desire.

"Bless ye, why ye shall, ye dear child," responds the good mother, jumping up with delight and bustling into the kitchen to light a candle, "for," says she, "it's gittin' darkish in the garret."

"I don't know," she calls, "but ye'll have to come along an' hold up the chist lid while I look for 't."

I spring up with alacrity, dropping my notebook and pencil, as Mother Ralph did her knitting work—for how can women be careful of lesser things when wedding-gowns are on their minds? Up to the kitchen chamber, and again up the narrow, winding garret stairs I follow the star of the tallow candle, reaching with wonder a large, low room fragrant with great bunches of dried herbs hanging from the rafters, and crowded with queer, quaint furniture, which the dear mother tells me were John's mother's "spinnin' an' weavin' things—wheels, reels, swifts, warppin' bars, loom, harnesses and sech-like."—And, O Dan! they're just wonderful, and I'm going to learn how to spin and weave to-morrow.

The "blue chist" occupies the "reserved seats" in this crowded theatre of by-gone action, and Mother Ralph, passing the candle into my hand, raises the lid, against which I brace my shoulder while she, firmly adjusting her spectacles for the onslaught, plunges her head into the mysterious depths which seem the receptacle of numerous choice treasures that she lifts one by one.

"This," she says in a hushed way, pausing over a package smoothly pinned in linen folds—"this holds the clothes of my poor little baby that died."

I bow my head, and reach out my unoccupied hand to reverently hold the sacred bundle from rude pushing and crowding while the search goes on, developing at length the precious wedding-gown wrapped with its lavender and sweet clover in the half of a snowy linen sheet. The little baby's wardrobe is then laid tenderly back in the depths, the chest-lid drops with a hasty clasp, and, sitting the candle upon it, I go down on my knees beside the old lady, who unrolls first the scrimp, dainty petticoat, with its button-hole edge, then the linen thread stockings, fine as gossamer and spun and knit by her own hands, and last the marvelous gown, yellow with age, with its short, little waist and scant skirt embroidered to the knees in dainty floral pattern, with bits of lace work as delicate as the cobwebs hanging in the rafters.

"Lovely!" I cry, "and it will just fit Hannah, I'm sure."

"Yis; I was exactly Hanner's size when I was married; but law! Miss Gibson, she'll think it's dreadfully old-fashion," says the old lady, a little regret marring her pleasure.

"Oh, indeed! dear Mrs. Ralph, old fashions are all the rage. I hope Hannah is good enough to wear this dress. Does she love Joseph very much?"

Mother Ralph lays her hand on my arm with solemn confidence.

"Between you an' me, Miss Gibson," she says very low, "Joseph is the apple of her eye. She loves him better'n her life."

"Then she ought to marry him, hadn't she?" I urge decisively.

"Yis—but she's a little shy, an' sorter shrinks from a change—as is nateral," says Mother Ralph, with sympathy.

"But we'll brace her up to the important step on your wedding-day, won't we?" I insist.

And just here John Ralph's white head appears above the landing and he chirps out cheerily:

"Want to know what you two women are carryin' on about over that pile o' rags?"

"For shame, Mr. John Ralph, senior," I cry. "It's the wedding-gown, and didn't the bride look beautiful in it?"

"Wall, she did, Miss Gibson. I tell you she did look like a pictur o' health an' beauty. An' she looks jist as sweet an' purty to me to-day," the old lover declares, eying with tender admiration the wife of fifty years.

"Jest hear that man," murmurs Mother Ralph, gathering up the bridal finery with a smile. And we all sit down on the stairs and talk over plans for celebrating the anniversary, deciding that we will have a little family party; that the dress shall be bleached and "done up;" that Hannah shall wear it for her grandmamma, and that if Joseph can on that day persuade her to "stand up" and have the minister perform the marriage ceremony precisely as it was done fifty years ago, we will all give our consent.

And now the dear old folks, who have been sitting up very late for their early habits, are gone to bed, and I, having hunted up my note-book, which was caught in grandmother's knitting yarn, am finishing my letter in the "spare room," where John and Hannah went to housekeeping fifty years ago. Outside I hear the cooing good-night of Joseph and Hannah on the steps, and from certain tender inflections peculiar to lovers' voices, I judge them to be in that delicious state of reconciliation which will be highly favorable to Joseph's persuasions on the twentieth of July.

I, too, must say good-night, for Chanticleer, with a brood of his young sons, will come under my window and crow lustily at four o'clock in the morning, and a vigorous clashing of milk-pails down the lane will effectually banish sleep, which must be sought at earlier hours.

Inclosed you will find my last check for *Post* correspondence, and may I trouble you to select two pairs of spectacles—gold-rimmed—for the golden-wedding of blessed good Grandpapa and Grandmamma Ralph? I managed slyly to find out the numbers of their old steel-framed "specs" as we sat on the stairs. Father John's are 12, and the dear old lady—whose eyes must have been weakened by work on that wedding-gown—wears No. 10, which she declares too young for her, so you will need buy a lower number, with privilege of exchange.

Please choose also a wedding-ring for the young Hannah. Her hand is the size of mine, dear; she tried my engagement ring the other day.

Thine,

HELEN GIBSON.

**BE OF GOOD CHEER.**—A man who acquires the habit of giving way to depression is on the road to ruin. When trouble comes upon him, instead of rousing his energies to combat it, he weakens, his faculties grow dull, his judgment becomes obscure, and he sinks in the slough of despair. And if anybody pulls him out by main force and places him safe on solid ground, he stands there dejected and discouraged, and is pretty sure to waste the means of help which have been given him. How different it is with the man who takes a cheery view of life even at its worst, and faces every ill with unyielding pluck! He may be swept away by an overwhelming tide of misfortune, but he bravely struggles for the shore, and is ever ready to make the most of the help that may be given him. A cheerful, hopeful, courageous disposition is invaluable, and should be assiduously cultivated.

**THE FIRST TRAINING-SCHOOLS.**—In many homes children are not taught to respect even the commonest rights of their little brothers and sisters. Because they belong to the same family is considered, tacitly at least, a good and sufficient reason why all ordinary rules of good breeding should be laid aside. The older ones tyrannize over the younger, the younger wholly disregard the prerogatives of the older members of the family. Occasionally the father and mother, one or both, seem to consider the child, by virtue of its position in the family, a sort of personal property, to be alternately scolded and petted, and, as it grows toward maturity, to be kept under the strictest espionage. No free natural development is ever permitted it from the cradle onward. But every babe born into the world is an individual soul, with capacities, feelings and desires wholly its own; and unless respect be shown to its personality, its growth must be stunted or preternaturally developed in wrong directions. And the homes are the grand training-schools where men and women are being fashioned and sent out into the world.



## THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

## CHAPTER I.

"BEDLAM let loose!" exclaimed Mr. Harding, passionately, as he started up from the corner near the fire, where he had been sitting moodily since supper time. "Silence, or I'll break some of your bones!"

The children, who had been wrangling, suddenly ceased their noisy strife and shrunk back from their angry father, who, advancing toward them, seemed half inclined to put his rough threat into execution.

"There, now! don't talk and act like a savage!" sharply ejaculated the wife and mother, throwing from her coal-black eyes a scornful glance upon her husband. "If I couldn't speak to children in a better way than that, I'd not speak at all."

We will not put on record the brutal retort of Jacob Harding, as he almost flung himself from the room, throwing over, in his mad haste, little Lotty, the youngest member of his unpromising flock, who happened to be in his way. The loud slamming of the door and the wild screaming of the child mingled their discordant sounds in the ears of the excited mother.

"He'd better break my bones!" said the eldest boy, Andrew, in looks and attitude the picture of defiance. "I'd just like to see him try it."

"Hush this instant, you little vagabond! How dare you speak so of your father?"

"I don't care! He's not going to break my bones." And the young rebel, not over eight years of age, drew himself up, while his eyes, black as his mother's, flashed with boyish indignation.

"If you say that again I'll box your ears!" And Mrs. Harding took two long strides toward the lad, who, knowing something about the weight of her hand, shrunk muttering away, and contented himself with thinking all manner of rebellious things and purposing all kinds of disobedience.

For a few minutes after Lotty ceased crying there was silence in the room—not a pleasant, but a gloomy, forced silence. Then Lucy, six years old, and Phillip, between four and five, who had been frightened from their play by the scene just described, drew together once more and commenced rebuilding a block-house, which Andrew had wantonly thrown down. Their work, as it again progressed, this bad boy watched with an evil eye, and just as it was near completion, wantonly swept again the fabric into ruins. Unable to control their indignation at this second unprovoked violation of their rights, the outraged brother and sister, as if moved by a single impulse, threw themselves upon Andrew, and with fists, nails and teeth sought to do him all the injury in their power. Fierce was the struggle, and long would

it have continued but for the mother's interference. She did not stop to separate them, but, with her open hand, dealt each such rapid and vigorous blows about the head and ears that they were soon glad to retreat, crying with pain, into opposite parts of the room.

"Now, off to bed with you this instant!" exclaimed the angry mother. "And if I hear a word between you, I'll come up with a switch and cut you half to pieces."

Andrew, Lucy and Philip glided from the room, keeping silent through fear, for they understood their mother's present mood well enough to know that it would be dangerous to provoke her further.

"Come! let me undress you," said Mrs. Harding to Lotty. There was nothing gentle, nothing of motherly love in the tones of her voice. The waters of her spirit were agitated by a storm, and the sky above them was dark.

"I don't want to go to bed," answered the child, fretfully.

"Come here this instant, I say!" cried the mother, with threatening look and tone.

"I don't want to go to bed," repeated Lotty.

"D'y'e hear? Come this minute!"

But the child, instead of obeying her mother, shrunk away into the farthest corner of the room.

"If I have to come to you, miss, you'll be sorry; now, mind!"

Most children would have been frightened at the dark, threatening eyes that almost flashed with cruelty; but Lotty was self-willed and strong to endure, though but a child. She inherited a large portion of her mother's peculiar spirit. Instead of yielding to this threat, she crouched down in the corner and cast back at her mother a look of defiance. Mrs. Harding was in no mood for a long parley. There were times when the mother in her was strong; and then, for the sake of her wayward, self-willed child, she would patiently strive with her and use all gentler efforts to bend her to obedience. But now the mother had given place to the passionate woman. It was one of her hours of darkness, when all the evil of her perverse nature had sway. For a few moments she fixed her eyes upon Lotty, throwing into them, as she did so, a fiercer light; but this failing to intimidate the stubborn child, all patience gave way, and she darted toward her with something like a tiger's spring. Seizing the still resisting little one, Mrs. Harding jerked her from the corner into which she had retreated, and as she lifted her into the air, struck her three or four hard blows in quick succession.

Did Lotty lie still now in her arms, or stand passively by her side? Not so. The spirit of rebellion was like a young giant in her heart, and blows only quickened this spirit into more vigorous life. The child screamed and struggled, and even struck her mother in the face. Such resist-

ance to her will only made Mrs. Harding blindly resolute. More smiting and longer-continued blows were returned, and to these was added such a mad shaking of the child, as she held her out with both hands in the air, that Lotty, losing her breath, became frightened and ceased her struggles.

"I'll break that stubborn spirit of yours, if I kill you!" said the mother, with cruel triumph in her tones, as she sat Lotty down upon the floor heavily. With impatient hands the garments were almost torn from the little one's body and replaced by a night-gown. Then, without an evening prayer, a kiss, or a kind good-night, she was placed in bed, her only benediction an almost savage threat of consequences should a single word pass her lips.

All was silent now in the house. The older children had fallen quickly to sleep, and Lotty, subdued by the power of fear, restrained the rebel cries that were almost bursting her heart for utterance. She, too, soon passed into the world of dreams. Was it a beautiful world to her, poor child, or did haunting images, terrible in shape, follow her there from the real world in which she daily struggled and suffered?

Alone, with not a sound in the air but an occasional sob from Lotty, the tumult of whose feelings even sleep had not entirely subdued, Mrs. Harding's state of mind underwent a gradual transition. There are few in whose spirit subsiding anger does not leave its debris of sad emotions or painful self-condemnation. It had ever been so in the case of Mrs. Harding, yet had she not seemed to grow wiser by suffering. With every new cause of excitement, her quick temper fired up and burned its little hour fiercely; and, ever as the fire died out, her spirit felt colder than before, and groped sadly in a deeper darkness. And thus it was again. How rebukingly upon this state came, now in a single deep sigh, and now in fluttering sobs, the grief of her self-willed child, prolonged even into slumber! So painful was this sound at length, that Mrs. Harding went softly and closed the door that opened into the room where Lotty was sleeping. But, through the shut door, came, ever and anon, the sigh or sob, each time smiting her ear sadly, and adding to the gloomy depression from which she was now suffering. Nor was this the only cause of self-upbraiding. She was alone, and why? Sharp, insulting words, striking on the ears of her impatient husband, had driven him, as the same cause had before, times without number, from home, to spend his evenings at the tavern, among scenes and associates of a degrading character. Ah! how often and often had the unhappy wife, as she sat through the lonely evening hours, wept for the absence of him whom her blind passion had driven forth—even from the hearth her presence might have made warm and attractive.

Alas! that suffering taught not this ill-governed

woman its lessons of wisdom; that remembered anguish did not act as a stimulus to self-control. Even as a leaf in the wind was she, when the gust of passion arose. As it had been with her many, many times, so was it now. She was too unhappy for anything but tears; and so, letting the work she had taken up fall into her lap, she drew her hands over her face, and sat idle, weeping and miserable. A knock on the door disturbed her wretched mood. It was night, and their house stood at some distance from the nearest neighbor. Mrs. Harding was no timid woman; yet this summons startled her, not because it was bold and imperative; on the contrary, it was low and hesitating.

"Who's there?"

She had risen up quickly, and stood in a hearkening attitude.

No voice replied, but the same singular knock was repeated.

"Who's there, I say?"

Sharp though her tones were, a slight tremor betrayed a secret fear.

No answer.

"Come in."

A hand was on the door-knob. It seemed like the hand of a child, and failed in the apparent effort to gain admittance. Mrs. Harding distinctly heard the rustle of a woman's garments. She tried to repeat the words, "Come in;" but a strange fear prevented utterance. Almost as fixed as a statue, she stood gazing at the door, which, after a little while, swung quietly open. Her eyes caught a momentary glimpse of a white garment, and then she looked vainly into the deep darkness. There was no form visible.

"Who's there?" she cried, after a brief pause; but silence was the only answer.

As she still gazed through the open door, her eyes, penetrating farther into the gloomy veil of night, saw dimly an object on the ground. Advancing across the room a few steps, she was able to see that this object was a large basket, covered with a cloth.

"Who's there? What's wanted?"

She called again, but no response came. Stepping to the door, she leaned out, peering farther into the darkness; but there was no movement nor sound that indicated the presence of friend or stranger. Close by stood the basket. She reached out a hand, and made an effort to raise it from the ground; but to do this required the exercise of considerable strength.

"This is strange! What can it mean?" said she to herself, again searching with her eyes into the surrounding darkness.

"Jacob! Jacob!"

A thought that her husband might have brought the basket, flitting across her mind, prompted her to call his name.

But no answer came back upon the quiet air, that bore her voice afar off until it died in the distance. Why does she start so? A low, smothered cry, like that of an infant, has come suddenly upon her ear; from whence, she is in no doubt, for already she has lifted the basket and is bearing it into the house.

How wildly excited was the countenance of Mrs. Harding as she stooped down and with unsteady hand removed the white napkin that covered the basket. What she saw would have touched a harder heart than hers. A baby, only a few weeks old, lifted to hers a pair of the softest blue eyes that ever reflected the light; and, as it did so, fluttered its little hands and showed all the instinctive eagerness of an infant to be clasped to a mother's bosom.

Now, with all the hardness and passionate self-will of the woman, up into whose face this helpless, innocent stranger looked, there was a warm chamber in her heart, over the door of which was written "mother;" and the hand of an angel opened this door to admit the babe so cruelly abandoned. Her first impulse was obeyed—and that prompted her to lift the child from the basket and fold it in her arms. A sweet, confiding smile played softly around its lips; and its large, beautiful eyes rested in hers with an expression so full of loving confidence that she felt her whole bosom warming with love, and yearning toward it with inexpressible tenderness. The kiss that could not be withheld from the rosy lips that parted to receive the salutation was the kiss of a mother.

Ere there was time for reflection or observation, the babe had won its way into the heart of Mrs. Harding. The door still remained open as she had left it in the excitement incident to bearing in the basket. Mrs. Harding, now aware of this, arose, still holding the child in her arms, and crossed the room to shut the door. Was it really so, or did her imagination create the picture? Be this as it may, just in the dusky extreme of the circle of light made by the rays pouring out from her lamp she saw the form of a woman. Her face was distinct, and its expression never to be forgotten. It was a young face, very sad and very beautiful. The hands were clasped tightly together, and the figure seemed bending forward eagerly. For a moment or two the vision was distinct; then it faded slowly, and the eyes of Mrs. Harding saw nothing but darkness.

Closing the door with a strange feeling about her heart, Mrs. Harding went back to where the basket stood upon the floor, and, seating herself beside it, with the babe on her lap, commenced an examination of its contents, with the hope of gaining some light on the mysterious circumstance. But nothing there gave her the least clew to the parentage of the child or made clear the reasons for committing it to her tender mercies. In the

basket were four or five full changes of clothes, most of them made of good but not very fine material, except the white flannel skirts, which were soft as down and of the choicest quality. These were not so new as the other articles. No letter was found to be in the basket, nor did it contain any money.

While Mrs. Harding was thus seeking for all possible light in regard to the babe, it had fallen asleep in her arms, unconscious that any great change had taken place in its fortunes or friends, and as happy in its slumbers as when it nestled on its mother's bosom—if, indeed, it had ever known that blessed privilege. Seeing this, and affected with a new tenderness as she gazed down upon its face—one of uncommon sweetness, even for a babe—she sat for many minutes with her eyes upon its countenance. Her gaze seemed held there as if by a kind of fascination. What a yearning love grew in her heart, gaining strength every moment! She wondered at her own feelings.

Rising at length, she passed into the next room—her own chamber, where Lotty was sleeping—and gently laid the sweet young stranger in her bed. Here she lingered for some time, leaning over and looking at the child. Once or twice she left the bed and went as far as the door. But a strange attraction drew her to the babe again and again, and each time it seemed that its face had acquired a newer beauty.

At last Mrs. Harding compelled herself to leave the apartment, and as she did so she closed the door softly. Sitting down by the basket, she commenced a new examination of its contents. This was as fruitless of intelligence as the first. Not a mark nor sign was there to tell from whence the infant came.

Half an hour elapsed, and still Mrs. Harding sat musing over the basket, her mind incapable of finding, for the present, interest in anything but what appertained to the child.

Thus she was sitting, when the heavy tread of her husband startled her into painful consciousness of coming trouble. Jacob had never been very fond of children—not even of his own, toward whom he had shown but little tenderness. That he would manifest only ill-nature, perhaps give way to violent passions as soon as he learned that a strange infant had been left at his door, she had too good reason to fear.

He came in roughly, as was his wont—shutting the door heavily behind him.

"Hush!"

Mrs. Harding raised her hand involuntarily to enjoin silence. But her rude husband strode noisily across the floor, heedless of her warning.

"What's that?" he asked, as his eyes rested on the strange-looking basket.

"You would hardly guess," answered Mrs. Harding, speaking with a forced pleasantness of

tone, very unusual with her when addressing her husband.

"I shall hardly try," he said, gruffly.

"A strange thing has happened to-night."

The voice of Mrs. Harding was not as steady as she wished it to be.

"How strange? What has happened? Who's been here?"

"That basket was left at our door to-night."

"By whom?"

"I cannot tell."

"With somebody's cast-off brat in it, I suppose," said Harding, with a flush of anger in his face, for now he saw the baby-clothing which his wife had taken from the basket and placed on the table. "Is it so?"

The flush had deepened to a fiery glow, and his eyes burned with indignation.

"The basket contained a young baby," said Mrs. Harding, calmly, and with a mother's tenderness in her voice—"the sweetest, loveliest baby your eyes ever rested upon."

"Pshaw!" And Harding averted his face, into which had come a look of contempt. "I'd like to know," he added, menacingly, "who has dared do this thing?"

"That we are not likely to discover," said Mrs. Harding. "The basket contained only infant clothing."

An almost savage imprecation leaped from the tongue of Jacob Harding. For a little while he stormed about the room. Under almost any other circumstances his conduct would have kindled in the soul of his wife as fierce a flame as that which burned in his own. But a woman's true instincts subdued her passionate nature, usually so quick to gather all its forces for combat. Silently she waited for the fire to burn out for want of the fresh fuel, which she well knew how to supply.

"It is such a sweet baby," said Mrs. Harding, in as calm a voice as she could assume, after her husband's fierce indignation had in a measure consumed itself.

"Humph! sweet?" How the selfish, cruel animal growled! What a look of disgust was on his countenance!

Harding had come home from the tavern ripe for a quarrel, and he was doing all in his power—impotent of effect so far—to raise a storm. He had not been drinking much: only enough to deaden all of true manhood that he possessed, and to quicken into active force the evil of his nature. He saw the change in his wife, and at once divined the cause. The foundling had won its way into her heart, and she was already purposing to adopt it as her own. The thought enraged him anew.

"Where is the brat?" he exclaimed, starting up with a fresh burst of anger. "I'll throw it out of doors!"

"Better replace it in the basket, poor thing!"

answered Mrs. Harding. "It has done us no harm."

"Very well. Put the duds back into the basket, and the child with them. They shan't stay in my house to-night!"

Conscious that if she gained over her husband at all it must be through apparent yielding, rather than resistance to his will, Mrs. Harding commenced slowly replacing the baby-clothes, as if about to do his bidding. A little wondering at this passive acquiescence on the part of his wife, Harding stood looking on while she laid in garment after garment.

"It is dark out, Jacob, and will be cold before morning. And then the dogs or some other animal might hurt the poor, helpless thing."

"I don't care. It shan't stay in my house to-night. I'll teach people better than to leave their brats at my door—I will!"

The man's stubborn spirit was roused by the remonstrance of his wife.

A deep sigh heaved the breast of Mrs. Harding as she bent once more over the basket, and, to gain time, made some new arrangement of the baby-clothes.

"Don't be all night about it!" growled the savage.

Mrs. Harding, without a word in reply—a circumstance that excited the especial wonder of her husband—took up the basket and passed into their chamber, as if to do his bidding. Acquiescence like this he had been far from anticipating. Yet, in the blindness of evil passion, he was bent on thrusting the babe from his house. The very thought of it was an offense to him.

"Jacob!" It was the voice of his wife, calling to him from the adjoining room, where she had been for several minutes.

"What do you want?" he answered, gruffly.

"Come here a moment," Mrs. Harding spoke in a mild, subdued voice.

"You come here. You're as able to walk as I am," he retorted.

"Just a minute. I want to show you something."

Harding arose and went into the room from which his wife had called to him. In the middle of the floor stood the basket, and lying in it, with its beautiful face uncovered, was the sleeping infant.

"There it is, Jacob," said Mrs. Harding, in a low, steady voice. "Cast it forth, if you have the heart to do so—I have not."

How suddenly the man's steps were arrested! The moment his eyes fell upon the placid face of the infant, so innocent, so peaceful, so heavenly in expression, he felt himself within the circle of some strange power that stilled the waves of passion in his heart.

"Cast it forth, Jacob, if you can," repeated his



wife. "My hands would be powerless were I to make the effort."

A little while Harding struggled with himself and the new influences that so suddenly pervaded the atmosphere around him; then, with an effort, he turned himself away, and went back into the room from whence his wife had called him.

Tenderly, very tenderly, did Mrs. Harding lift the sweet babe, still sleeping, from the basket, and replace it in the bed, the moment her husband retired, vanquished by weapons his fierce manhood despised, yet against which he had no shield of defense. For some time she bent over the baby, gazing upon its face; and it was only with an effort that she could tear herself away.

"You'd better keep it all night," said Harding, as his wife entered the room where he was sitting. His voice, though untouched by gentler feelings, was not so harsh and cruel as before. "Some harm might come to it, and then we'd be blamed. To-morrow I'll have it sent to the poorhouse if no owner can be found."

Mrs. Harding sighed, but said nothing in reply. She was afraid to utter what was in her mind, for, by years of sad experience, she had come to know that for her to express a wish or to approve a measure was to insure her husband's opposition; and, in truth, it must be told, that she had proved no inapt scholar in the same bad school where he had learned his lessons of ill-nature and bootless contention.

"I only wish I could find out who has dared to do this miserable deed," resumed Harding, his anger growing warm again. "A wild beast never deserts her young. The wretch should be gibbeted alive."

As he said this, a cry arose from the chamber.

"There it is! A nice time you'll have with it to-night!"

Mrs. Harding went quickly in to the baby, that was now awake. She lifted it gently in her arms, and, as she drew it to her breast, it commenced nestling there, seeking for the fountain of its life—alas! so suddenly and so cruelly cut off. How deeply was the heart of its new friend stirred by this movement! What a yearning pity pervaded her bosom!

"Dear, dear child!" she murmured, as she bent down her face and placed that of the infant's closely against it. Holding it thus, she went out into the room where her husband still remained.

"Won't you get me a little milk in a cup, and some sugar and warm water, Jacob? The poor child is hungry."

Harding, with considerable reluctance, went off, grumbling, to do as his wife desired. The milk and warm water were brought, and, as he set them on the table, he could not restrain the utterance of an ill-natured remark. To this no answer was returned.

Much to the relief and pleasure of Mrs. Harding, the babe drank from the spoon which was placed to its lips. Evidently, it had been prepared for this great change in its life by those who contemplated abandoning it to strangers. Somehow, Harding's eyes remained riveted on the face of the child, as it took the food prepared by his wife; and, strangely enough, the longer he gazed upon it, the gentler became his feelings. The human in him began to assert itself.

"No punishment is bad enough for the wretch who could desert a child like that," said he, his ready indignation taking a new direction. "It was fiend-like."

"You may well say that, Jacob," returned his wife, as she drew the babe's head back upon her bosom and looked down tenderly into its face. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"I never saw anything very beautiful in babies," said the man, a little impatiently. He was worried with himself because of the involuntary interest in the little stranger that was awakening in his mind.

"Oh! how can you say so?"

Something of the sweetness of bygone years was in the voice of Mrs. Harding, and something of the maiden-beauty in her countenance that had won the heart of her husband in the long ago; at least so it seemed to Jacob Harding.

"It is true, Mary," he answered, even smiling briefly as he spoke.

"There is beauty here—beauty that even your eyes can see. Dear little angel! It has come to us like a ray of sunshine, Jacob. You don't know what strange feelings I have had ever since I looked into this sweet face. More like a heaven-born than an earthly child the baby seems to me; and now, as it lies so close against my bosom, I feel such a pleasant thrill going deep, deep, even to the centre of my heart, that I wonder as to the cause."

"You are foolish, Mary," said Harding, kindly.

"Maybe I am," she replied, "but I can't help it. Now it is fast asleep again! Did you ever see such perfect lashes for a baby? They lie in dark lines upon its cheeks like the long lashes of a woman. Let me put it in bed again."

Mrs. Harding arose and turned to go into the bed-room. As she did so her foot caught in the carpet, and she would have fallen forward had not her husband, whose eyes were on her, or rather on the child, sprung instantly forward and caught her.

"Don't let it fall," he cried, stretching his arms around and beyond her, so as to save the baby. The act was involuntary, but it betrayed, both to his wife and himself, the strong hold that weak, helpless, unconscious infant had already gained upon his rugged heart. How this betrayal caused the warm blood to leap joyfully through the veins of Mrs. Harding! When she returned from the

bed-room and addressed her husband he answered in milder tones than he had spoken to her in many days—weeks and months, we might almost have ventured to affirm.

"There's something uncommon about the child, that's certain," he said, as they talked together; "and I shall not feel just right about sending it off to the poorhouse. But it can't stay here, for we've enough of our own, and it's as much as I can do to fill their mouths."

To this Mrs. Harding answered nothing. So far, the baby had been its own all-sufficient advocate, and she felt that words from her might prejudice rather than advance its cause.

As husband and wife laid their heads upon their pillows that night, each felt a calmness of spirit hitherto unknown. Selfish passions were at rest, and higher and purer emotions—so long held down by evil—stirred with a new life and opened the windows of their hearts for the influx of heavenly influences.

#### CHAPTER II.

AS Mrs. Harding lay watchful and musing on her pillow that night, she wondered at her new state of feeling. Could the mere presence of a baby cause so great a change? Four times had she been a mother, and four times had she felt, as a helpless babe just born into the world was laid against her heart, an indescribable joy. Too soon had this passed away—too soon had her briefly slumbering passions awakened to fresh activity—too soon had the trials and temptations of her position changed the heavenly tenderness that pervaded her spirit into harshness or indifference! She remembered all this, and wondered how she could ever have indulged in anger toward the little ones for whose gift her heart had felt such deep thankfulness.

How distinctly present to the eyes of her mind were Andrew, and Lucy, and Philip, and Lotty! Not with faces marred, as was, alas! too often the case, by selfish and cruel passions, but with each young countenance beautified with loving affections. With what a new impulse did her heart go out toward them! All the mother in her was stirred to its profoundest depths. While she thought and felt thus toward her own children, involuntarily she raised her head, and bending over lay, partly reclining, with her eyes fixed upon the calm face of the sweet young stranger.

"Baby—dear baby!" She could not keep back the low utterance; and as she spoke she lifted the sleeper in her arms, and, hugging it to her bosom, commenced rocking her body and murmuring a tender lullaby.

"Don't be foolish, Mary!" Jacob Harding spoke more roughly than he felt, but in tones less reproving than he had meant to use. "You'll

waken the child, and then we shall have a time of it."

"She's so sweet," said Mrs. Harding, as she kissed the baby, and then replaced it in the warm nest from which it had just been withdrawn. She did not know that her husband was awake; he had been lying so very still that she believed him sleeping. But busy thought, excited by a new current of feeling, had driven slumber from his eyelids also.

"One would think you'd never seen a baby before!"

There was no ill-nature in the voice of Jacob Harding, notwithstanding he tried to speak unkindly. The fact was, he had been so long in the habit of speaking harshly to his wife that to address her with anything like tenderness seemed an unmanly weakness. And so he put on a rough exterior to hide the softness within. He could not entirely hide it, however. Mrs. Harding perceived all the change he, too, was experiencing, and it but increased her wonder and delight. She did not venture a reply, lest something in her words should quicken the perverse temper of her husband.

Never in her life before did Mrs. Harding fall asleep in such a state of mind, or with thoughts so full of all tenderness and loving kindness; and never before came to her a dream so strange and beautiful. Last in her thoughts, as all waking perceptions died, were the singular incidents of the evening; and, as fancy began to mingle its fairy forms with the things of actual life, the strange vision—real or ideal—that fixed the eyes of Mrs. Harding as she gazed through the open door into the surrounding darkness, was most prominent. Across this warp fancy threw her shuttle, and strange figures were soon made visible in the dreamy fabric she wove.

Again Mrs. Harding was alone in the family sitting-room. No babe was in her lap, but in the open door stood a beautiful woman, and she knew her to be the same whose white, sad, yearning face had been revealed to her a moment on the background of shadows. Tender and serious, but not sad, was her face now, as she beckoned with her hand. Mrs. Harding arose and followed the lovely apparition. As she stepped beyond the threshold she became aware that the earth lay in sunlight, and that the scenery around was new and more beautiful than anything she had seen. Here were soft, green meadows, dotted with snow-white lambs; there, leafy avenues, along which the eye ranged to an almost interminable distance, and yonder towered up, even to the spotless heavens, mountains as blue as the sky itself.

"The land of innocence," said the stranger, as they gained an eminence and looked down upon the scene spread out in beauty before them. "The angels of childhood dwell here. Whenever a

babe is born upon the earth two angels from this world are appointed to its guardianship, and they remain near the child through all the days of its tender infancy—and near the mother, also, filling her heart with love for her helpless offspring. It is their presence that so often changes the selfish and cruel woman into the tenderest of mothers. They flow into her mind through love for her baby, and fill it so full of what is gentle and good that evil passion has no room for activity. But gradually, as the minds of infants are opened, through the senses, to a knowledge of the world into which they have been born, and as the will, gaining strength, is moved by inherent evil, the angels gradually recede from both the child and the mother; not because they wish to abandon their charge, but because their gentle influence is no longer felt. With some they remain longer than with others; for some children are born with fewer perverse inclinations, and some mothers love their babies with a divine more than an earthly love."

As the fair stranger ceased speaking, Mrs. Harding perceived that they were standing in one of the porticoes of a building the architecture of which in its grandeur exceeded anything ever reached by the boldest imagination. The walls were of translucent gems, and everywhere the ornaments, that seemed living forms, gleamed with gold and sparkled with precious stones of wonderful brilliancy. Into this magnificent palace they entered, and the stranger led the way to a large east room, where a small company of beautiful virgins stood near a window, from which they were gazing earnestly.

"Let us approach them," said the stranger. And they moved over to where the virgins were assembled by the window.

"Pride and human fear have hardened her heart"—thus spoke one of the virgins—"and she is about to desert the babe. See!"

All bent near and gazed from the window. To the eyes of Mrs. Harding everything looked dark and sad. It was some time before she was able to distinguish objects; but when her vision was clear she recognized all the prominent features of the scene. Dimly revealed from out of the murky shadows was the neighborhood where she dwelt, and she seemed to be looking down upon it as from an eminence. It was night, for all was in half obscurity and the stars were shining from the sky. Here and there stood a house—she knew them all—and there was her humble abode, the only one from the window of which light streamed forth upon the gloomy darkness. As she continued to look an object moving along one of the roads became visible. Gazing more intently, she saw a woman, and in her hand she carried a basket. A thrill passed along every nerve as she recognized the face which had looked so wildly upon

her from the fading circle of light, and she turned quickly toward the stranger who had led her thither—but she was now along with the virgins.

"Not there," said one of the company.

The woman had paused before a house the inmates of which Mrs. Harding knew to be best esteemed in all the neighborhood for goodness of heart and kindness of action. In this home there was ease and comfort, and the babe, if left there, would find love and tenderness.

"Why not there?" she asked aloud.

"Even a babe has its mission of good to the world," answered one. "A household angel will this one be, wherever it is received. If the mother, hearkening to evil counsel, casts it from her, the blessing of its presence must be for those who need the blessing. No, not there."

And the woman, who had paused before the dwelling of peace, took up the bundle and passed on slowly, wearily and in tears.

"Not there," said one of the virgins, as she stopped before another dwelling.

The woman seemed to hear the words, for she raised the basket again and kept on her way. As she did so she saw the light streaming forth from the Hardings' window, and she turned her step thitherward.

"The angels of childhood are about to leave that dwelling," said one of the virgins, "for innocence has almost died in the hearts of the children. A dark shadow is resting over them, for the powers of evil have prevailed over the good. Let the babe go there."

"There? Not there!" answered one of the virgins. "The innocent, helpless lamb must not be left in a den of wild beasts."

"It will not go alone," was replied. "Angels have gathered their protecting arms around it, and its own sphere of innocence will be a wall of defense."

A low cry reached the ears of Mrs. Harding—the cry of an infant. Instantly the vision faded, and she became aware that a small, soft hand was nestling in her bosom. There was a love more than human in her heart as she gathered the half-waking child in her arms, and felt that she had been and still was in the company of angels.

How vivid remained the impression of her dream—not to her a mere phantasm—but a real vision.

"For this great blessing, Father, I am thankful," she murmured, as she lifted her heart to Heaven.

Strange fact! Not, perhaps, since the days of innocent childhood until now had she felt that God was near to her, and near as the Giver of good, and that she should address God in a thankful spirit! She wondered, even while she gave involuntary thanks.

When Mrs. Harding slept again it was to dream

of the baby and to have a consciousness of deep peace, such as she had never experienced in her waking moments. New purposes and better states of mind had been formed during both the waking and sleeping hours that passed since the little stranger first greeted her with its winning smiles. The morning found her calm, thoughtful, yet sad. What a trial was before her! Ah! how clearly she saw her difficult position! How her heart sank as one hard, harsh fact after another of that position looked her sternly in the face! She had as much to fear from within as from without—from her own ungovernable passions as from the tempers of her husband and children.

Dimly the morning broke, the cold light creeping slowly into the chamber where she lay. Her husband and Lotty still slept; but the baby was awake, and its large, blue eyes were looking up into hers. How sweetly it smiled! How trustful and loving the whole expression of the young face!

"Blessed baby!" she said, tenderly.

And it responded to her greeting with a curving lip and the low, cooing sound of a dove as she talked to it, forgetful of everything in the pleasure of the moment. Harding awoke suddenly and, starting up in bed, muttered some incoherent words and threw his eyes hastily around the room. His voice chilled the heart of his wife, for she dreaded his waking mood. Scarcely thinking of what she did, Mrs. Harding drew the bed-clothes over the child and so placed her body as to shield it from his observation.

"I've been dreaming, I believe," said Harding, as he laid himself back on the pillow.

"Dreaming of what?"

Mrs. Harding spoke very gently. In half wonder her husband turned his head to look into her face—the tone was so unusual.

"I never saw anything so real."

"Was it a pleasant dream?"

Harding looked over at his wife again. It was the old voice that in times gone by had sounded to him so musically.

"Yes, Mary," he answered, mildly, "it was a pleasant though a singular dream. I thought some one left a baby at our door—"

He paused abruptly, looked serious for a moment or two, and then said:

"But that was no dream, Mary."

He raised himself up, and as he did so Mrs. Harding drew down the bed-clothes and showed him the smiling infant.

"It was no dream, Jacob," she said, softly.

For some time Harding gazed upon the little face, and the longer he gazed the softer grew his heart. He said no more of the dream; yet, as well to him as to his wife had come a vision, though not in all things alike. He had seen the little, abandoned one in sleep, and under circumstances that impressed his mind powerfully.

It was now broad daylight, and Lotty, as was usual with her, awoke in a bad humor. She commenced crying even before her eyes were fairly open.

"What do you want, Lotty?" asked Mrs. Harding.

But Lotty cried on, not seeming to have heard her mother's voice.

"Lotty! Lotty!"

The crying did not cease for an instant.

"See what I've got here, Lotty!"

"You ain't got anything!"

By such words the child had been so often deceived that no confidence remained even in her mother, and so she kept crying on.

"Will you hush, now?"

The father's patience was gone, and he spoke in a quick, angry voice. How the little stranger-baby started! What a frightened look was in its face! Harding saw the effect of his harsh tones, and for the sake of the baby regretted the sudden passion to which he had given way.

"But I have got something here, Lotty," said Mrs. Harding. "It is the dearest little baby you ever saw in your life."

Instantly the voice was silent, and springing from the bed in which she lay, Lotty stood beside her mother. Harding watched her face and saw how suddenly it changed.

"It is wonderful!" he said to himself as he arose and commenced dressing—"wonderful. It seems even now as if I must be dreaming. 'A Heaven-sent child.' These were the very words that sounded in my ears as I awoke, and I verily believe the babe is from Heaven."

"Baby! baby! dear, sweet baby! O mother! where did it come from?"

There was such a gush of delight in the voice of Lotty, who was usually cross in the morning, that Mr. Harding's wonder increased. A spell about the baby subdued all who came near. To him it was a new life-experience, the mystery of which filled him with surprise, not unmingled with a sense of pleasure.

Mrs. Harding rose at length, leaving Lotty and the infant equally delighted with each other, and commenced hurriedly dressing herself. It was her business to prepare the morning meal; for the earnings of her husband were not sufficient to allow her a servant in the family. With many earnest injunctions to Lotty not to hurt the baby, she left the chamber for the kitchen in order to make up the fire and get breakfast. Somehow or other, the fire kindled with unwonted quickness, and every touch and movement of her hand seemed to accomplish her purpose more readily than usual. By the time the milk-man was at the door she had the table set and the kettle was almost ready to boil. The baby's breakfast was her next thought. It was scarcely the work of a



moment to dilute some new milk with warm water, add a little sugar, and take it into the chamber where she had left the little stranger.

As she came in noiselessly, she saw her husband stooping over the infant, whose two white, chubby hands were fluttering about his rough face, and heard the cooing, dove-like voice that had sounded once before to her so sweetly.

As soon as Harding saw that his wife was present he left the bedside, half ashamed of his weakness in thus toying with a mere baby.

"The child must be hungry," he said, with as much indifference as he could affect.

"I've brought her something to eat," answered Mrs. Harding. "And won't you, Jacob, while I feed her, call the children and bring me in an armful or two of wood? Breakfast will be all ready in a little while."

There was no resisting the manner of Mrs. Harding. If she had always spoken to her husband as now, he might always have been to her a kind husband. Her power over him for good might have been complete had she been wise, gentle and forbearing. But she had exercised no self-control, and, almost from the beginning of their married life, had excited the evil in him rather than the good. How much she had lost, and how much she had suffered in consequence, can hardly be imagined. Her life, for the last six or seven years, might almost be called a living martyrdom.

Harding did not answer, but went out from the chamber promptly to do as his wife had requested. Ordinarily, in calling the children, he spoke, to use the strong words of his wife, "as if he would take their heads off." He corrected this bad habit in the present instance; for, instead of ordering them roughly and angrily to get right up or he would be after them "with a stick," he went up to the room where they lay and spoke kindly, yet firmly, to each one, subduing their waking impatience by the quiet pressure of his own voice and manner.

"Andrew," he said, in a tone that, exciting no opposition in the boy's mind, left there the consciousness that he must obey—"dress yourself before you come down, and do it quickly."

"Yes, sir," was answered cheerfully, and Andrew sprung from his bed.

"Philip! Lucy!" The two younger children rose up. "Go down to your mother. She wants to dress you."

The voice and manner of their father was so unusual that the little ones felt both surprise and pleasure. They obeyed instantly, and Mr. Harding had the new and strange satisfaction of witnessing an act of ready and cheerful obedience in his children.

A great surprise awaited Lucy and Philip, and they were just in the state of mind for its full enjoyment.

A stranger who had looked in upon Harding's family at the early meal on the previous day, and who looked in again upon them as they assembled around the breakfast-table this morning, could hardly have believed that his eyes rested on the same individuals. In her usual place was Mrs. Harding, the stranger babe on her arm and looking so beautiful and happy that all eyes and hearts were drawn toward it. Little Lotty, from the moment its bright eyes looked into hers, had not once left its side, and now, as she sat close to her mother, could not eat for pleasure.

"Has it any name, mother?" asked Andrew, from whom had not come a single ill-natured word or act since he saw the baby.

Mrs. Harding did not reply, but looked at her husband. A name had been floating in her thoughts, but she hesitated about giving it utterance.

"Dora," said Mr. Harding. "Let us call her Dora."

Now that was not the name about which Mrs. Harding had been thinking; nor was it a name that pleased her ear. It was on her tongue to say, "Oh! no;" but she kept silent. Her eyes were bent down on the little one's face, and there she read her duty. For its sake, she refrained from objecting, because she feared that any want of accord with her husband would produce a state of opposition; and so she said nothing.

"Shall it be Dora?" Harding spoke in a pleasant voice.

"Yes, if you like the name." And Mrs. Harding looked up and smiled as she answered.

"Have you thought of one, Mary?"

"A name has been in my mind ever since I awoke this morning. But if Dora sounds pleasant to your ears, let her be called Dora."

"What name did you think of? Perhaps I will like it best," said Harding.

"Grace." Mrs. Harding spoke the word softly and tenderly.

"The very name!" said her husband. "It is much better than Dora. Let her be called Grace."

"Grace! Grace!" All the children echoed the name; and the baby, as if conscious of a new importance, tossed its little hands and smiled.

So touched was Mrs. Harding by this unexpected acquiescence of her husband, that tears came into her eyes. For the first time in months, it might be years, Harding had deferred to her wishes—but not in consequence of resolute persistence on her part. Had she contended for the name that pleased her best, he would never have seen in it a beauty and fitness above the one he preferred himself; and she would, in the end, have been compelled to yield, or have the babe thrust out from the home into which its presence had already brought so many rays of sunshine.

And so the babe was named Grace.

"What will you do, Mary?" said Harding to his wife, as, after sitting longer than usual at the table, he arose to leave the house. As he spoke, he looked toward the child that still lay in her arms. Mrs. Harding understood, and answered quickly:

"Oh! I shall get on very well. Breakfast wasn't late a minute this morning, and I'm sure everything has gone on pleasantly—no hurry nor confusion. The children never behaved better in their lives."

And the mother glanced at them approvingly.

"But you can't attend to an infant and do all your work into the bargain?"

"You see if everything isn't in order and dinner smoking on the table when you come home," answered Mrs. Harding, cheerfully, and with smiles.

Harding lingered. There was a fascination about little Grace, from the circle of which it seemed as though he could not break.

"What are we to do with this child, Mary?" his manner becoming serious. "We have more children now than we can well take care of."

"Has it brought us trouble or pleasure, so far?" asked Mrs. Harding, looking up earnestly into her husband's face. He did not answer.

"Would you like to see it taken to the poor-house?"

"No, no. It shall not go there!" Harding spoke quickly and strongly.

"It is a Heaven-sent child, Jacob," said Mrs. Harding, in a low but impressive voice. "I know it from the dream that came to me last night. Let us accept the boon thankfully. He who sent it to us will see that it shall prove not a burden, but a blessing."

Harding answered not a word, but drew nearer to his wife, and bending down, laid his finger upon the baby's soft cheek. He would have stooped lower and kissed her cheek, but felt ashamed to betray what seemed to him a weakness.

When that hard, harsh, passionate man went forth into the world of strife and labor, he carried in his thoughts the beautiful image of a baby. Men with whom he had been used to come in rough contact saw a change, but divined not the cause. He was less coarse in speech, less rude in action, less contentious, less overbearing. The consequence was, that men who had always treated him roughly, because he was himself rough, instantly changed their manner, so that fewer things than usual occurred to chafe his spirit. Not during all that morning was the image of the baby once wholly obliterated from his mind, though many times obscured.

"What does it all mean?" said Harding to himself, as he reflected on the change. "Am I the same man that I was yesterday? What is there

in a little, helpless babe to cast a spell like this?"

But he questioned in vain. He could not understand the mystery. With lighter steps and a lighter heart than usual, he took his way home at dinner-time, looking for sunshine there. And he did not look in vain, for it lay broader and brighter over his threshold than it had lain for many years.

T. S. A.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TWO ROADS: WHICH?

**B**ENEATH a gloomy winter sky,  
Storm threatening with its unshed snow,  
Past hospice, home of grievous pain,  
By almshouse, full of pauper woe,  
On to a bridge o'er ice-flecked stream  
That leads to city's noise and throng,  
Alive with traffic's to and fro,  
A bare, broad road is stretched along.

Through window touched with frosting white,  
Across a common, bleak and brown,  
'Twixt naked boughs of wind-tossed trees,  
Where frozen birds die fluttering down,  
A woman looks with wearied eyes  
Half scornful at the busy road,  
Like her own changeful hours of care,  
A cheerless moil of labor's load.

Beneath a far-drawn, cloudless sky,  
Blue glowing through the golden air,  
Bordered by hills forever green,  
And fringed by fadeless flowers fair,  
There shining spreads a lonely road,  
All silent save for melody,  
That beats through solemn aisles of palms  
Of many tinted tropic sea.

A lonely road—a quiet road—  
Yet mid its southern splendor stands,  
'Twixt hills and palms, a viewless shape,  
And looks across the shell-pearled sands,  
At sparkling sea, at sun-bright sky,  
A something radiant as they,  
Joy filled with peace of solitude  
And inspiration's rhythmic ray!

The roads are two—a thousand miles  
Of land and wave are wide between—  
Yet, strange divide of soul and sense,  
Both by one human can be seen!  
Her earthly form, with listless gaze,  
Wherein life's battle quenches light,  
Surveys the stirring, wintry way,  
Loathing the dreary, bustling sight.

But far away her spirit glad  
Is roaming by that tropic sea,  
Like bird escaped from prisoning cage,  
To kindred nest and harmony,

Her inward eyes behold the palms,  
And linger on each sun-bathed hill,  
Till summer peace of summer land,  
Song-rapture wakes long crushed and still.

Which life is real—the daily care,  
For passing needs of flesh and time,  
With stifled yearnings, failing hopes,  
Sad outlook through the chilling rime;  
Or dream of palms and sun and sea,  
Of summer idleness ripening song,  
With peace of solitude unbroke  
By aught of labor, pain or wrong?

SARAH BRIDGES STEBBINS.

### SUMMERS AT LITTLETON.

THE wind blows coolly in from sea,  
The coast-line stretches gray,  
The blue waves sing their songs in glee  
Among the rocks to-day.

The meadows wear their summer green,  
The glancing sunlight falls  
Where, red, the wild-brier roses lean  
About the old stone walls.

I walk the wood-path's leafy gloom,  
I watch beside the sea;  
The summer weaves with song and bloom  
Its sweet old spells for me.

Yet haunting all this shore's white calm  
A far-off vision shines—  
I hear across the waves' low psalm  
The swell of mountain pines.

I see once more the fair old town,  
Its green lap girdled wide  
By those great hills that watch far down  
The Ammonoosuc glide.

And Lafayette through shining dawns  
Its gray crown bears to view,  
While round me grow the mountain-morns,  
Mid light and song and dew.

I walk the roads—the green old lanes,  
Where dreaming south winds pass,  
And bees swarm round the crimson stains  
Of clover in the grass.

I climb where mountain-pathways steep  
Are fringed with fern and brier,  
And where, in shadows cool and deep,  
The red-moss lights its fire.

I see the valley far below  
Its wealth of green unfold,

And where the yellow daisies blow  
It shines, a cloth-of gold.

I watch once more, from Oak Hill's height,  
When twilight's purple line  
In the soft gloaming lingers bright,  
The lamps of Bethlehem shine.

And when the frost's still feet have trod  
Where summer had to go,  
When torch-fires of the golden-rod  
Through all the pastures glow;

And when the year its glad heart stills  
In golden calms of days,  
I see about the woods and hills  
The autumn splendors blaze.

O land around whose stern, dark heights  
The tender, gray mists gleam!  
How fair in memory's witching lights  
Thy vanished summers seem!

The roses round the stone-walls bloom,  
And softly sings the sea,  
But in my dreams the mountains loom,  
Their sunsets flame round me!

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

### SONG.

"HAIL to the merry autumn songs when yellow cornfields shine!  
Far brighter than the costly cup which holds the monarch's wine!  
Hail to the merry harvest-time, the gayest of the year,  
The time of rich and bounteous crops, rejoicing and good cheer!  
'Tis pleasant on a fine spring morn to see the birds expand,  
'Tis pleasant in the summer-time to view the teeming land;  
'Tis pleasant on a winter's night to crouch around the blaze;  
But what are joys like these, my boys, to autumn's merry days?  
Then hail to merry autumn days, when yellow cornfields shine, etc."

From "*The Village Coquettes*," a Comic Opera, by Charles Dickens.

EARTH cannot show so brave a sight,  
As when a soul doth fence  
The battery of alluring Sense,  
And Heaven views it with delight.  
Then persevere, for still new charges sound,  
And if thou overcom'st thou shalt be crowned.

Andrew Marvell.

## Young Ladies' Department.

### PREPARING FOR COLLEGE.

IN early autumn all our colleges throughout the land open their doors and receive new students. When an intelligent girl reads that some of these are women, perhaps the thought arises within her, "I wish I could go to college, too." Sometimes she stifles the longing as one never likely to be gratified; or, if she does not, she has plenty of over-solicitous friends to do it for her. They tell her that a college education is of no use to a woman, or that she is inordinately ambitious, or that she has not sufficient means, or that she has enough to do where she is, or that study will hurt her matrimonial prospects. No wonder that in many cases such a desire is crushed out almost as soon as it is uttered.

But suppose a judicious friend, instead of opposing a young woman, were to encourage her in her wish to obtain a superior education. What would he or she say? Probably something like the following:

Press forward! You will succeed if you make up your mind that, come what may, you will. This once determined upon, consider the other aspects of the case.

First, as to age. If you are anywhere between your sixteenth and fiftieth year you are young enough. Perhaps some aged female relative will tell you that you are a grown woman at fifteen, an old maid if unmarried at twenty-one—but let that go in at one ear and out at the other. People don't think so nowadays—you are a little girl at twenty. Under ordinary circumstances no young lady need seriously think of marrying before twenty-three or four. So if you want to go to college don't, as old ladies used to say, get "beaux on the brain" too soon. Still, every rule has exceptions. I knew of a couple who engaged themselves when quite young, studied together, went to college, graduated and then married. And I have known of several women, even elderly ones, who were aided by their husbands in obtaining diplomas. If you have no lover when you start out, don't waste time in looking for one; if you have, and are under twenty-one, make him wait awhile. I will add that if you go to an institution in which co-education is carried on, you may meet your "fate" there, and perhaps make a better match than if you had stayed home; and that if you do marry before receiving your degree, this need not prevent your doing the latter if you are in earnest. I dwell upon this point because so many have erroneously supposed that a woman's higher education would interfere with her marriage, and *vice versa*. On the contrary, one often helps the other.

Next, consider the subject of preparation. If you have pursued a course of study in an ordinary academy, grammar or high school, you have laid a good foundation. That is, you are reasonably proficient in English branches. But if you are not so, there is only one thing for you to do—study hard to make up your deficiencies. It is absurd for a young woman to think of going to college when she is better fitted for an intermediate

grade public school. See then that you read fluently, write a good hand, spell and punctuate correctly, and arrange your sentences grammatically; that you have mastered the first principles of arithmetic, know something of the world upon which you live, and can give a comprehensive outline of the rise and progress, perhaps decline, of nations. A candidate for admission into college will be examined in English grammar, spelling and composition, in arithmetic, geography and history.

In addition to these ordinary school studies, most colleges require one or more languages, algebra, geometry and one or more branches of natural sciences. Of these languages one is always Latin; of the natural sciences one is often botany. Some institutions require chemistry and physics. If you have already studied these you need only review them. If not, you must take them up from the beginning. Let a girl keep herself well versed in English branches and perfect herself, so far as she goes, in Latin, higher mathematics, and one or more of the last-enumerated sciences, botany, chemistry and physics, and she may safely count upon passing the examination for the freshman class. It will be to her credit if she can offer more than is required of her in other studies. With these hints any young lady favorably situated will find her course all plain sailing.

But suppose she is not favorably situated. Suppose her chief instructor must be herself. Suppose she teaches a primary school, or stands in a store, or assists with the housework at home, and so has very little leisure. Let her not despair, but economize what she has. Much depends upon the choice of books. Many a girl wastes time by dipping too soon into an advanced treatise far beyond her depth. If you are that unfavorably situated young lady, or, perhaps, if you are not—the following list of text-books may be of service to you:

Latin. Dr. Smith's *Principia Latina*; Mathematics. Brooks's *Algebra*, Brooks's *Geometry*; Botany. Gray's *How Plants Grow*.

Master these first. If you choose to take French or German in addition, Magill and Paulin's *First Lessons* in the former, or Fischer-Ahn's *First Course* in the latter will be valuable helps. In place of either language an equivalent amount of Greek will be accepted; but this language is seldom required. In chemistry and physics Nichols and Arnott are good authors. Hasten slowly but surely. You are more likely to be examined fairly in the outlines of a study than to be troubled by hard or catch questions. At the same time it is well to be ready for any unforeseen difficulty. If you live in a large town and cannot attend an advanced school, perhaps you may join an evening class or study-club, by which you may obtain helpful instruction at low rates. But if you are in some out-of-the-way country-place, perhaps you are just as well off. Catalogues of colleges show that the majority of students come, not from great cities, as might be expected, but from small villages. Residents of the former often neglect their opportunities, while those of the latter make the most of theirs.



When you have completed the *Principia Latina* you may take up Andrews and Stoddart's *Latin Grammar*, which by this time will be comparatively easy to you. Then you may profitably read Caesar and half of Virgil, or more, if you like. In French or German study a more extended grammar and read parts of fables, plays and novels in these languages. And, having finished Gray's *How Plants Grow*, procure the same author's *Manual of Botany*, to use in connection with it. Analyze, say, fifty botanical specimens. You need no new works in the other branches, as those given contain quite enough.

Your preparatory studies may consume one, two, three or more years, according to the time devoted to them daily and the amount of your previous knowledge. If possible, apply for admission to the institution selected as soon as you feel able to pass the examination. The best plan is to send for a catalogue and a set of specimen examination questions some time before you are actually ready, and test for yourself your fitness. If you find yourself less well-prepared than you had thought, do not hesitate upon that account alone, for at most colleges there is a lower school, in which students otherwise qualified may make up their deficiencies. If, on the other hand, you feel confident that you have accomplished more than would be expected of a freshman, try for advanced standing. A candidate for admission to college is not always placed in the lowest class, but in the one for which he or she is fitted, so that the degree may sometimes be obtained in one, two or three years, instead of the four for which a full course provides.

Let this last fact encourage you, if, for any reason, you cannot enter as soon as you had expected. If you can continue your studies at home, the time need not be wasted, and you may graduate just as soon as you otherwise would have done. What the studies are from year to year you may learn from the college catalogue—but for these, almost any institution accepts real equivalents. So far as I know, every college requires at least one year's actual attendance upon recitations before receiving the diploma.

Some institutions under some circumstances admit students without examinations or with partial ones. Any young lady who has already passed one of the Harvard examinations for women may be admitted on presentation of her certificate to Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, or the Harvard Annex. At Vassar, any candidate coming from a school which has previously sent a student, who has acquitted herself well, may be received on probation; this privilege to be continued to the school until one of its pupils shall fail to sustain its reputation. Ladies who have taught one year may be admitted as special students without examination in English branches. At Swarthmore, pupils of Friends' schools may enter the Freshmen class, and persons of mature years and fair education may be received as special students without examination.

The principal colleges which admit women are Vassar, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Smith and Wellesley, which three are for women only; Swarthmore, Pa.; the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia; the State College, Bellefonte, Pa.; Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.; University of Syracuse, Syracuse, N. Y.; Boston Uni-

versity, Boston, Mass.; Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.; Wesleyan University, Cincinnati, Ohio; Oberlin College, Ohio; Michigan University, Ann Arbor, Mich., and the University of California, all of which open their doors to both young men and young women. This list is incomplete, for almost every day we hear of institutions built for men but now welcoming women. Some of the above also admit colored persons of both sexes, and there are several colleges expressly for these, as the Fiske and Vanderbilt University, Tennessee.

The Harvard Annex is under the control of but separate from the University proper. The University of Pennsylvania opens the doors of its literary and scientific, but not its medical, department to women. But Philadelphia has already the best and oldest Women's Medical College, as well the finest for men. Nearly all the reputable commercial and dental as well as medical colleges admit female students. However, this is a digression. We are speaking principally of institutions from which a woman may receive the degree of A. B., B. S., or B. L.

It is impossible to recommend one institution more than another. All have their advantages and disadvantages. Some have a higher reputation than others; some are more or less expensive; some have schools of art, music or science attached; some have more extended regular courses; some are in pleasant, accessible neighborhoods. Some colleges require a girl to be at least sixteen years old; some forbid jewelry or elaborate dress; some furnish books; some do, and some do not, make extra charges for taking care of a sick student; some require all students to live within the college walls; others permit those who wish to board in the neighborhood, and still others have no resident students at all. Each young lady must decide for herself to which college she will attach herself. She can generally judge from the catalogue of an institution whether in all respects it would suit her or not.

Having made up her mind that she will have a college education, and thoroughly prepared herself for admission, she may next consider the question of expense. Not expense first, and then the studies required—for, in that case, many would never advance a step. But, after steadily preparing herself, it will be strange indeed if a girl does not find her way opening. At any rate, she has gained something by actual preparation which nothing can take from her.

Perhaps you, my young friend, don't need to consider the expense; you are well-off, perhaps even rich. Then the following is not for you, though you may read it if you like. The expense of a college education can only be approximately told. The great item, of course, is tuition. In some colleges the charge for this is nothing, or only a nominal sum, the chief expense being for board and incidentals. Any institution endowed by a State is likely to be much cheaper than one founded by private benevolence. Nearly all colleges have a fund intended to afford private aid to needy students. No one, however, ought to take advantage of this if she can possibly avoid it, for she thereby deprives one more straitened in circumstances than herself; and no one ought to receive such money without regarding it as a loan, to be repaid at her earliest convenience.

The annual charge at the most expensive colleges is about \$450, including everything. At Swarthmore a reduction of \$100 is made to children of members of the Society of Friends. At any institution allowing students to board themselves outside of the building, the yearly sum asked is about \$200. The difference leaves a wide margin for judicious economy. Students have been known to earn their living while pursuing an extended course of study. But this is not desirable, unless there is no other way in which a girl could manage, for she needs all her energies for her books. A young woman may save a great deal by dressing plainly and denying herself many little extravagances. A student may spend \$500 a year, or more, if she is disposed to be gay or generous—but this is a liberal sum to carry her through a college-term safely.

"Oh!" growls Mr. Fogy, "girls can't afford to spend \$500 a year! Nonsense!" But girls can afford to spend, or have spent for them, as much in the aggregate or more, for handsome dresses and musical instruments and phaetons, which, perhaps, won't do them half as much good as a year at college; and yet people don't seem to think that kind of expenditure amiss. Anything worth having at all is worth working for and making sacrifices for.

"But, alas! I haven't any money!" Well, my dear girl, get it. Teach and save your salary, even if you have to teach and study every alternate year for a decade—you can always go back and begin where you left off. Or, have the courage to do as more than one nice young woman has done, go to the seashore or the mountains in vacation, and take the place of a waiter or chambermaid—the end justifies the means, you know, and nobody will respect you less for it. Raise

chickens, sell flowers and vegetables from your little corner of the farm or garden, and put the money away in a little bank of your own. If you sew, or embroider, or paint, or write, send your productions to the best market that you can. If you have any talents of the kind, sing or play or declaim at concerts—you may thereby earn as much in a night as you otherwise would in a month. Have a few music-scholars, or play the organ in your own little church, for a small consideration. Do without the coveted silk dress, sell your superfluous jewelry, tell your friends that you will take your birthday and Christmas presents in the shape of silver or greenbacks. Girls have done all these things, and for less worthy objects. What woman yet ever found it impossible to get a gold watch, a diamond ring, a piano, or a trip to Europe, once she had set her heart on having it? If you systematically save all the time you are studying, somebody will, sooner or later, catch your enthusiasm and help you, perhaps, when you don't think of such a thing. Once get \$2,000 safely in your hand and you can bid defiance to everybody for four years, and to ignorance forever.

As to the advantages of higher education, and so forth—it is to be supposed that you already appreciate them. If not, to teach you how to do so is not the purpose of this article. I have taken it for granted that you desire to go to college—I have endeavored to show you how that desire may be gratified.

In a general way, so far as the above applies to young men, it is for them. But they, as a rule, need less urging and can obtain more help than young women.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

## The Home Circle.

### LICHENS FROM WAYSIDE ROCKS.

No. 8.

SIT with me on this rock to-day, and look through my eyes at some fair pictures of the past and present. Had I Louise's gift of word-painting I could make you see the full beauty of the scene around and below us, over which the October sunshine throws a golden glory, tempered by the soft, hazy atmosphere never seen in any other season or clime, and which lends an indescribable enchantment to everything.

On the hillside the hickories and oaks are turning gold and brown, and crimson maples gleam here and there through the green foliage of the other lowland trees, over which vines brilliant with scarlet leaves are hanging.

The river flows slowly and quietly by at a little distance, but we can look far down to the bend, three miles below, where the pretty, white farm-houses dotted along its bank look hardly larger than toy-houses. Last winter, during my sojourn in that pleasant country-home overlooking its waters, I watched all the phases of its beauty, varied by the different hours of day, with an interest, and fascination even at times, that made

it hard to turn away. The most beautiful of all was at early morn. Just as the sun was rising and throwing crimson bars of light across the far eastern sky, this bend, sheltered by the forest behind it, lay in deep shadow, which, contrasted with the luminous sky beyond, looked almost weird. The giant trees near the shore were reflected in the still, blue waters, making darker shadows there, and the most quiet, peaceful look brooded over the whole scene.

As the sun came up into full view clouds of white mist arose from the water and rolled slowly away; higher and higher until, dispelled by the warm rays, they disappeared and beautiful day began its triumphant reign.

Far beyond the river the long line of mountain tops, gray and misty in this hazy atmosphere, give a calm, peaceful effect to the landscape, and raise the thoughts to linger for awhile on higher altitudes than our trivial, every-day affairs suggest. It is well to go up into the mountains at times where we can see and think with clearer, freer range; for we are prone to dwell too much in the lower plains of thoughts which sometimes are depressing to the soul, sometimes harrowing or wearing to the mind when given, as they must often be, to the worries and trials of daily life.

A few miles above us one mountain detached from the chain runs out to the river, and its high-point of huge, gray rock overlooks the stream. At its base nestles the little cottage where some of the happiest days of girlhood were spent with friends never to be forgotten though never more seen.

The walks and rides over that mountain-side, the evening gatherings around the fire in that happy home, with bright, young faces, sweet music and the instructive conversation of the older members of the circle, make some of the fairest pictures that hang on memory's walls.

Down there in the valley just below the hillside on which we are sitting lies the spot which was my home in those days. The curl of pale blue smoke rising from that clump of oaks shows where the little brown cottage stands which was the central spot in my life for several years and where many of the most important scenes in its drama were enacted. Shutting my eyes now, I can see another October morning as fair as this, with soft airs that feel almost like summer wandering in through the open doors and windows. The chrysanthemums are just opening into bloom in the front yard of this cottage, and vases of them have been placed in the sitting-room, and festoons of myrtle and ivy hang around the old portraits and landscapes on the walls. There are signs of unusual stir and expectation about the house, and soon a few guests gather from the neighborhood, and when the clock strikes ten a bridal party enter through a side door and arrange themselves on one side of the room—two fair girls in snowy bridal dresses, with orange flowers and white roses in their dark hair, leaning on the arms of their handsome, happy bridegrooms, who look down upon them with such tenderness and pride. It was a vision of loveliness, such as those old walls had never seen before, nor will again, I ween. In front of them stood the white-robed minister, and soon the sacred vows were spoken, and after congratulations, mingled with many tears and smiles, the parting words were said, and they were borne away to brighten other homes, leaving one heart, oh! so desolate, for lack of the companionship it had always known.

The years went on, and many other scenes passing in the same humble dwelling were painted in vivid colors on Time's canvas. Other faces came and went. Friendships were made—some to live their little while and die, others which are lasting yet. The wild-rose vine by my favorite west window bloomed and spread, and the sweet-brier by the front-bedroom window had grown into a gigantic bush before we removed to another home. When I revisited the old place last winter after long absence the wild rose was dead and the sweet-brier had been torn away to build a larger porch. The little cedar planted by my hands had grown into a tree large enough to throw a shade across the front door. Additions had been made, fences moved, and everything so changed the place was hardly recognizable except from its location. Getting one of the children for a guide, I slipped away to take a look at the old spring in the grove at the farther edge of the meadow, around which so many pleasant memories hung—thinking this one spot would be as it was of old. But even there change had done its work. A rough spring-house built over it had destroyed

its rustic beauty and annihilated all suggestion of old associations. Only the old tree remained, leaning over it as in days past, when we used to sit under its shade on a large projecting root which formed a commodious resting-place.

I turned sadly away, musing on the mutability of all earthly things. The spot had not changed any more than had those who used to sit there, light-hearted and gay, in the early spring-time of their lives, with no more knowledge of what was to come in their future than had the limpid water which flowed at their feet. Now they are scattered to all quarters of our vast country. Some are cold and world-hardened, some faded and careworn, some broken down by illness and sorrow; but some, I trust, are yet light-hearted and bright-faced, though changed in many other ways necessarily.

The day is dying, friend. Slowly the glow and warmth are fading out, and shadows are gathering over forest and river. Only the mountain-tops are still bathed in light, and one broad, golden shaft streams across the valley, touching the spire of a modest little church on the opposite hillside, and setting its western windows all ablaze as they reflect the departing glory. Is it not like the evening of a good and beautiful life, with its gently fading scenes, its soft shadows and gleams of departing light? I might dwell on this theme awhile, giving expression to some thoughts which it suggests; but the same ones will doubtless come to your own mind, so I leave you with the peaceful night folding its shadows about us softly, as I hope the shadows will gather around the close of our lives.

LICHEN.

#### KATY CASTLETON'S CLUB.

THE women met at the residence of Mrs. Chatty Brooks. Her boarders were all present, the milliner, dressmaker, teachers, and the school-girls, and the little woman who did chores to pay her board—every member of her family was in the double parlors and right at home.

Aunt Katy was in the chair. She had a sore eye, and took no part in the cutting and sewing. One woman asked her what she did for her eye, and the reply was, "Nothing, only to keep my system in order." She said she believed many persons destroyed or damaged their eyes by indiscriminate treatment; that one of her neighbors long ago, in New Jersey, bound the meat of a freshly-killed chicken close over her eyes at night, when they were inflamed, and the sight was never wholly restored.

The first woman called on was the butcher's wife, and her bit of information was well received. She said:

"I want to suggest to cooks to cover beef when roasting. If you get a sheet-iron cover made it will be the best and the cheapest, but I use a large iron spider and for a cover take a pressed tin pan that just fits. The meat cooks more tender and does not scorch if not basted every ten minutes. I stab the meat with a sharp knife and then put a little salt into each incision. Salt the meat over the surface, dust a very little pepper over, fill the spider two-thirds full of boiling water, cover and put in the oven to roast. Having tried this,

plan once, you will forget there ever was any other way."

Linda Oswald came next. She brought a message from one of her schoolmates, a very pretty girl whose beauty was marred by a growth of hair that came on her upper lip and one side of her chin. She had tried pulling it out with tweezers, but it came again and again. Could the ladies tell her what would remove it?

The Doctor's sister, Hattie, was called on. She said there were several depilatories, but they were all caustics and must be used with care, or a sore would be the result. She gave the formula for the best one, which Miss Linda wrote down for her friend: "Take of fresh limestone one ounce; pure potassa one drachm; reduce to a fine powder in a wedgwood mortar. Wet the hair first with warm water for ten minutes. This mixture, formed into a thin paste with tepid water and applied while warm, will effectually destroy the hair in five or six minutes. It should be removed as soon as it begins to inflame the skin by washing it off with vinegar. That softens the skin and kills the effect of the alkali."

One of the student girls dotted down this recipe to send to a friend, a lovely woman who unfortunately had a like disfigurement.

Mrs. Bennett: "I called on a neighbor the other day and found her tired and despondent. I told her she ought to have help, and her sharp answer was, 'Oh! that would only be one more to wait on!' She said the last girl she had was a good cook, good washer, good-humored, but her sweeping was intolerable. She could raise a greater dust than a runaway team on the highway in midsummer. She used to pride herself on the amount of dirt she could gather, when the 'dirt' was simply the wool that she had swept from the framework of the carpet with her stiff, harsh broom. She bore on so hard that the carpet was unnecessarily worn out and dust settled on everything, and the air was poisonous to inhale. The girl, who was good in so many ways, was too wise to be taught."

Mrs. Brooks, for the benefit of the misses present, asked Mrs. Bennett to give her way of sweeping, and the answer was:

"Make the strokes short and light and never let the end of the broom fly up. Always stop your stroke with the broom still on the floor and close by you, never letting it go past. You will not go over a room quite as fast this way, but you will leave it clean, you will have raised very little dust to annoy others, injure your own lungs, or settle on the furniture, and you will wear the carpet but very little if your broom is a light, flexible, good one. If a carpet is very dusty it is a good plan to put a pail of water just outside the door, and dip the broom in it and shake the drops out thoroughly before sweeping. Repeat this once in two or three yards, and you will be surprised to see how much cleaner the carpet looks. Tea grounds are often sprinkled over for the same purpose."

Aunt Katy called on the woman on her right, the little wife of Andy Gardiner, the hired man in Meredith's Mill.

"The newest thing I have found was how to mend a broken dish. I was so unfortunate as to break the cover of my best tureen," said Mrs. Gardiner, with heightened color and palpitating heart; "but Andy, he remembered how his

grandmother used to do, and together we've made it about as good as new. We took the white of an egg and thickened it with plaster of Paris and applied quickly to the fresh, clean edges, placed them firmly together, and stood it in a position where it can remain untouched for a few days. He says it is the purest and best cement known."

The next woman called on said she nearly always mended large plates and crocks and platters and such things with soft putty, which secured them and made them as good as ever for common uses. Of course, the platters would not do to put on the table again, because they were too shabby, but they were as strong as ever, and useful for many things. They have to lie a long while to dry thoroughly.

When the minister's wife's name was called some of the girls begged leave to give her a subject, for the sake of settling a question that they had dwelt on at the last tea-party—the one given by Mrs. Glenn the evening before her niece, Miss Lee, started for Alaska. The conversation turned upon precious stones and diamonds and gems, and Miss Euclid said if she knew what month each girl was born in she would send her the gem that the month called for.

Yes, the minister's wife could give the desired information, and then each of the young ladies prepared to note down her own style of jewelry. Even if it is a superstition, it is a pretty and harmless one.

The girl born in January should wear garnets; in February, amethyst; in March, blood-stone; in April, diamond; in May, emerald; in June, agate; in July, ruby; in August, sardonyx; in September, sapphire; in October, opal; in November, topaz, and in December, turquoise.

There was a reason for the wearing of these alone, but we presumed it was put in to sound poetical and to attach to each separate stone a degree of interest, romance or superstition.

"Has any one any questions to ask?" said the Moderator; then, after a silence of perhaps one minute, she added—"On any subject you please, ladies."

A woman who had not met with us before modestly asked about fast colors in rag carpet, something that would be nice enough, but not fade in the light, wash out, nor wear off.

Aunt Katy's advice was good, brief, right to the point, and not hard to remember. She said:

"A little bright red or scarlet will always remain and will keep old carpet looking cheerful. Some even buy cheap red flannel when their other colors are not very good. Madder and alum will give a durable pink on cotton goods, where on woolen goods it would be red; or a brighter scarlet is made when solution of tin is used with madder. Aniline and nickwood will last some time on wool, but for cotton goods it is sure to fade. Annatto makes a bright orange, but the light fades it, and for this reason it is not advisable. It will not pay to close a room to save the colors in a paltry carpet when human life is so valuable and carpets so cheap and easily made or bought."

"Beech bark with alum makes a drab; hemlock or oak a brown, or a better way is to take a lot of cotton rags to the tanners and they will put them into the vats and give you a dark-brown much cheaper than you can do it yourself. If we could select such materials only as would make the most



desirable colors, it would be very easy to arrange them to suit our fancy. But this is not the object in making rag carpet. There are in every house, closets, boxes, bundles and bags to clear up, old clothes too much worn for any other purpose, that would hang in the garret as food for moths. It is not made so much for beauty as durability—yet there must be colors that will not fade, and so arranged in weaving as to give as good an effect as possible.

"In dyeing light green, color yellow first, then dip into the blue dye; but for a dark green color, blue first, and then dip into the yellow dye. This is not generally known. Two shades of green are very fine colors in a carpet, especially when they can be obtained so easily and cheaply.

"Copperas is a good color, and one of my neighbors secures a bright color invariably without the old way of using lye, which is so hard on the hands in wringing out the goods. She takes two pounds of copperas in four pails of soft water, brings to a boil, and puts in five pounds of rags; lets them boil a short time; takes out and dries them, and then the first nice, bright day she makes a very strong, hot soap-suds, dips them in, and dries them again, and does this until the color is dark enough. She does this before the rags are torn, because they will dry so much quicker."

A vote of thanks was tendered to the obliging Moderator. Her experience had taught her many things that others have yet to learn, if they ever learn at all.

One woman said: "It has always puzzled me trying to understand why the glass does not crack when we fill our new Mason jars with fruit boiling hot. It seems to me that even with the metal or silver spoon in the jar it ought to break anyhow; that it is contradictory that it does not shiver all to pieces."

Chatty Brooks was called on to give the reason, which she did after this fashion: "When boiling water or fruit is poured suddenly into a glass jar the glass will break if there is nothing to carry off the heat from the glass, because then the glass retains the heat and the expansion breaks it. If a spoon is in the glass or the jar is placed on a wet towel these absorb and carry off the surplus heat and save the glass."

Several women nodded thanks. One of the Millwood school-girls whispered to Mrs. Brooks, and the two laughed in an embarrassed way. It was easy to guess what the girl had said, something about the lack of pronouns and the quantity of glass in the answer her auntie had given.

The Moderator asked if any one had a question waiting. She had noticed two or three of the girls whispering together.

"Yes, ma'am, we have," was the reply from one of them, "and now, Ada, out with your question."

"You ask," whispered Ada Reynolds, and then the tall girl with curls looped up and back in a pretty picture-book way said: "Would you please tell us what will remove moth patches, those ugly blotches that come on some people's faces?"

The Doctor's sister, Hattie, was signaled for a reply. She tried to excuse herself, but the Moderator insisted, and told her it was the prettiest bit of flattery possible when the sisterhood appealed to her for information.

She said this remedy was an infallible one and never failed of effecting a cure:

"Put a tablespoonful of flour of sulphur, or of lac sulphur, the finer the better, into a pint bottle of rum. Apply once a day to the patches, and they will disappear in two or three weeks. The moth patch is a vegetable fungus, and sulphur is sure destruction. When sulphur is used upon an extensive surface the offensive odor may be diminished by making the application at night and washing off carefully in the morning. Thus used, the remedy will still prove perfectly effective."

Somehow, we cannot now remember, a lively conversation sprung up like a breeze, that went all over the room, and the subject was "slighting one's work."

Two or three were talking at once. We were deeply interested. One woman was saying, "La! I can see Hardy's trousers yit! It took me at least two hours to iron them, a pair of good, new, cashmere trousers. I began with 'em while they were quite damp-like, an' I pressed every seam over and over, an' I pulled 'em this way an' that way, an' I smoothed 'em an' made the linin' give until they matched as snug and trim as the day old tailor Sigafos put 'em together. I thought maybe I'd never see my neffy, Hardy, again, and I was bent on givin' him a good send-off. But I do declare for it if I didn't see cashmere pants on the table, an' cashmere pants on the chairs, an' cashmere pants floatin' around in my very dreams, two days an' nights."

How the women did warm up! One of them, Martha Ann Riggs, has a cousin who is a portrait painter, and she is the wife of a farmer. They have no children, but they have cows and calves and chickens and the same formula of housework as in all homes of farmers, washing, ironing, cooking, baking; but this woman, who takes the most infinite delight in painting, finds a good deal of time for it by slighting her work in a way that harms no one. She is a good housekeeper and knows how to do everything well that is connected with housework, and it is this kind of a woman who is able to learn how to slight her work nicely and properly. Sheets and towels are folded down smoothly and a weight put on them. Table-cloths and pillow-slips are ironed after they are partly folded. Washings cannot be slighted, but ironings can, and it is so with a good many kinds of work. Instead of making pies, the fruit can be eaten with bread and butter, which saves time and is more healthful. This woman is not ashamed to say she slights her work; it is to her credit that she knows how to do so. Now that this gift of hers has developed itself and made her happy in having a work to do that pays in many ways, she is none the less a good housekeeper.

The minister's wife was very much pleased to hear of this instance. She said if all the time and soul force that is wasted in vain repinings among women were employed in the conquest of some art or science or accomplishment, what an addition would the ranks of strong, able, executive, cheerful women receive!

This is true. We must make constant choice between things of more or less importance. We want to keep our houses well, to care well for our children, to perform the social duties society claims from us, we want oh! so many things that we cannot have in these busy, busy years! We must go to bed when bedtime comes for our health's sake and for our good nature, and we

must get up in the morning, and no votes of ours can put more hours into the day or days into the week.

It was the evening of the meeting of the literary society, and the school-girls began to look at their watches and shake the lint off their aprons, and pick off ravelings, and we older women took the hint. One of the girls said she did wish when they were told what gems to wear that the minister's wife had given the significance attached to each stone, then they would have seemed more valuable. The ringing reply from beside the fountain pump in the door-yard, was, "Wait till the next time!"

CHATTY BROOKS.

### GROWN UP.

**M**Y DEAR GIRLS: At one time, when I was quite a small girl, I was visiting a neighbor's little daughter, when an older sister, putting on her bonnet and shawl, said, "Mother, I am going to Lane's a little while." I thought how nice it must be to be "grown up," and wondered if I should ever be able to say to my mother, "Mother, I am going," instead of asking, "Mother, may I go?"—whether I should ever be able to use my own judgment and follow my own leading?

When the time came that I could do so, I had lost the desire. I had the freedom to do as I thought best, but I had also the blessed privilege of consulting with one in whose counsel and guidance I knew I could fully trust. And, oh! how many times, since I could not obtain it, have I longed for it, and wished I could be led as a child once more, even but for a little while.

The desire to be free from control, the wish to be one's own master (or mistress), is universal. For you, who are looking forward to and longing for the time to arrive when you will be your own mistress, I wish that the years had the power of bringing with them always the necessary capacity for self-government.

It is too often the case that young people begin what they consider their independence by becoming their own slaves instead of their own masters. Lawless impulse too frequently governs their actions; prejudice and self-confidence gain strong control; whim becomes a power that carries its victim into depths from which there seems no escape; an act performed without thought, the ill-considered expression of an undisciplined mind, may bring consequences a lifetime of tears and repentance cannot undo.

I know one little girl who views her increasing growth with dread; who does not long to be a woman; who does not sigh for long dresses and festooned hair and young ladyhood; but I know of but one. Most girls look forward to being "grown up" as being something very desirable. And so it is if the growth is toward a beautiful life. Girls are often likened to rosebuds. Did you ever notice the development of the rosebuds. First come the green leaves creeping over the bush, breathing in the air, and drinking in nourishment and moisture and making the plant strong and healthful; then little tiny balls appear, so small as to be scarcely noticeable, but they increase, and grow larger and larger, until between the closed lips of the green calyx appears little gleams of color, little bows of promise; at last, the calyx yields to the pressure of the growing

flower, the bud bursts, and we have a marvel of beauty and of perfume.

If the flower is well developed it expands into a perfect blossom; if there has been imperfection in training, or from any cause a forced or unnatural growth, the poor little blossoms are distorted and imperfect; and if a worm has been concealed in the heart the leaves fall and are scattered and the flower never reaches full development.

O my dear "rosebud garden of girls!" there are no flowers more perfect, more beautiful, more royal, more delightfully fragrant than the rose. It is the "queen of flowers." Its roots, its stem, its branches, its leaves, its blossoms, yes, even its thorns, all contribute to make the perfect whole. Its beauty is a "power for good, a sweetness and delight to all beholders." And it is not alone a "thing of beauty," for it perfects seed—seed which, planted in other soil, bring forth new plants, new flowers, new blessings, will create beautiful garden spots in desert places, and whisper of love and purity and holiness where the air was mute and still and lifeless.

AUNTIE.

### BE IN SEASON.

**T**HE first cool mornings of fall usually send us mothers with haste and anxiety to the little wardrobes to see what stock we have available for a change of season. For it is with children's laid-off garments in the fall much as it is with the pieces of stove-pipe, which fitted so well when you took them down. No pieces will fit now. These growing boys and girls run away from their clothes faster than mothers can keep up. Happy is the mother who can send out and buy what she needs; and, perhaps, just as happy is the contriving little mother who, with limited resources, can set to work and make out an outfit, tidy and warm, of materials she has in hand.

The time to do work most effectively is when the mind is wide-awake and the enthusiasm kindled. Then we can make time and almost "make cloth" in cutting over and fitting. Of course, we cannot wait for moods in a general way, but must do our duty whether we like it or not. Still, it is good to seize the happy moments of enthusiasm and turn them to the best account, even if we let something else lie by entirely.

If stores are scanty do not be afraid of much piecing to make things come out even, but by all means do the piecing on the sewing machine. Oil it well and wind off half a dozen bobbins, and you are ready for a campaign. A good machine will patch much more neatly than you can, and with a flat-iron handy to press out seams, you can make the seams hardly perceptible. A good pattern for everything you wish to cut is almost indispensable. Some people have the faculty of cutting without, but they are very few, and great waste of cloth comes from the opposite way. If you have not the pattern you want, probably you could cut one that would fit over the little one himself if you could coax him into quietude long enough. It is better to spend some time getting the pattern right than to have a garment ill-fitting even if out of sight, for the child's comfort will largely depend on its snugness and easy fit. I never see a child forever wriggling and twisting about but I feel sure there is an uncomfortable

pinch or hitch somewhere in his clothes. These contortions, too, are very apt to become permanent.

Oh! what a satisfaction it is to look in on a well-filled drawer when your day's work is done, and think that one child at least is ready for a change of weather, as far as underwear is concerned. It will give you fresh courage and strength for the next attack, for "nothing succeeds like success." Perhaps, by your seasonable attention to the small matters, you may save the health, if not the life, of one so dear to you. Putting off is a bad motto for the home mother in this matter of winter garments, if in no other. Outside ones can wait better than the warm inner garments. Yet the majority of us begin to provide just the opposite way. AUNT LUCY.

### A FEW HINTS.

TO keep a pair of shoes fresh-looking as long as possible, smooth out all the creases whenever you take them off, so that the shape of the foot will not form in them. Carefully remove every speck of dust and dirt, so that the seams will not have time to collect very much. If the leather becomes worn or whitened in spots, blacken lightly with old-fashioned polish; not liquid dressing, as the latter causes the skin to crack. If, however, liquid blacking is the only kind available, put on just as little as possible—in any case, try and preserve the original gloss until the shoes become really old. Then, if they are neatly mended, they may properly receive more dressing than a new pair ought, and look very well. An ordinary shoe may often be made to appear like an expensive one, simply by working the buttonholes with stout silk-twist. It pays sometimes to sew on new jet-black buttons in place of those worn brown or white, the buttons alone often giving the effect of a new, or at least not very old, pair of shoes. Slippers and Oxford ties may often be freshened merely by adding new black or colored ribbon bows.

Change stockings from side to side, so that they will wear evenly, not suddenly break into a row of holes on the edge which has covered the toes, while the other remains firm. Stockings now are very fancy and quite expensive—but a lady who has more time to spare than many may often make her hose more fashionable than it was when she bought it. Unbleached stockings may be purchased at a low price. With a few cents' worth of bright-hued floss and a little taste and care, a gay clock may be embroidered up the side, or a more elaborate bouquet across the instep. A stocking not regular-made may be turned inside out and firmly whipped over and over along the crease from heel to top, so that when turned on the right side again it presents the effect of a seam up the back.

Have two sets of underclothing "going" at once. Wear one in the morning, the other in the evening, or whenever you dress. In this way you are sure of always being clean and comfortable. This plan is no harder upon clothes than the ordinary way. The set you have used for afternoons and evenings this week will do service for mornings of next, a clean set now coming into employment for evenings. You still change every week—or oftener, if you like—so that it amounts to the same as wearing one set throughout the whole period of a week, or less.

In taking a sponge bath, especially in warm weather, always begin at the waist and go down to the feet. Then change the water and wash from the waist upward, leaving the face last. In this way one is less likely to become overheated than if she began at the face. It is not uncommon for a bather to end with the feet, while the face is breaking out into a perspiration, to all intents and purposes as much soiled as before washing.

People make mistakes about their hair and teeth. They believe in vigorous wetting and brushing of both. But the hair, especially if very long, should be but sparingly wet and moderately brushed. The scalp should be cleaned every week or two, and some physicians say not with a fine comb. The hair should be combed and divided in quarters, and then a little water thoroughly rubbed in with the finger, but the body of the hair itself, should scarce show one drop of wet. It should be brushed, but not overmuch, as this practice irritates the roots. The old boarding-school fashion of "a hundred strokes a night" was all wrong. The ends of the hair should be clipped every new moon to prevent splitting.

As to the teeth, they also should be brushed gently, as too great friction wears the enamel. They should be cleaned often, usually after meals, but even this can be carried to excess, a little judicious cleansing being very different from the usual scrubbing. The teeth may be neglected through the day, but not before retiring at night. Through the day the saliva acts as a natural dentifrice, but at night there is more probability of tartar collecting, unless the mouth be thoroughly clean. Use no tooth powder but precipitate chalk, with or without the addition of a little orris-root. Never employ charcoal, however fine, as it is too hard on the enamel.

Few things about one's person are worse than dirty nails. Under ordinary circumstances they should not only be cleaned, but never allowed to become otherwise than clean. That is, accumulations should be removed before they have had time to form and stain. When one does certain kinds of work there is some excuse, but even then the persistent use of the nail-brush will most likely have its effect. Lemon juice or a little oxalic acid (though the latter is poison) will remove stains on the fingers. Some people admire long nails, but everybody admires clean ones, which they ought to be, whether long or short. The top should be kept smooth, with the skin pushed well back, and the projecting edge cut round, following the shape of the end of the finger. Many seem to think that it is all very well for a woman to keep her nails nice, but that it is unnecessary or impossible for a man, especially a hard-working man, to do so. But it is not so very long since the writer saw a rough-looking butcher whose finger-tips were as dainty as any lady's.

Freckles may be lightened by a little acetic acid in the water with which the face is washed. As acetic acid is the concentrated acid of vinegar, perhaps the latter fluid, not too strong, would do as well. It is said that the acetic acid should be strong enough to make the tongue smart a little. Some have recommended the application of lemon juice. Regular cosmetics, however, are likely to prove injurious—certainly, when visible they are not artistic, as they deceive but few.

MARGARET.

## A LETTER.

MT. CASSIUS, SYRIA, July 31st, 1882.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE: How often I have longed for time to get a word with you. When I could get leisure my energy was not sufficient to take me through. To keep four children under thirteen years of age clean and whole on a limited income in a foreign land keeps one's hands busy. In addition to this, the oversight of household affairs for a family of nine, and almost the entire care of two little ones of three years and sixteen months respectively, leave me little time for letter writing. For the last ten years, both before and after my marriage, I have taught my husband's children—as they became old enough to teach. We have not the luxury of a school for them, so they do the best they can at home. The eldest, now a young lady, has not been able to study as steadily as the boys on account of ill health, but is pretty well on in her studies. Our oldest boy is almost thirteen. He has completed English grammar, a treatise on practical arithmetic, and is well on in geography. He also studies French. His brother is nine years old, and is getting along nicely in grammar, has finished the fundamental rules of arithmetic and intermediate geography. They both study Arabic, the language of the country. We have now dropped our regular

studies and are studying Latin during the three months of summer. The two eldest and a young lady cousin have reviewed the grammar to the verb and are now beginning the verb, while the little boy is studying at the fourth declension. Little Tot of three has her little reading lesson in English every day. Now I want to tell you, dear Circle, *inter nos*, that though I love teaching very much, I think it is kind of wearing on nerves and temper. I can generally arrange household matters to suit, but I have always two little ones to look after, amuse and keep quiet (?) while lessons are going on.

I wish all of you sisters who are shut up in close cities could be on this breezy mountain side almost 3,000 feet above the Mediterranean. This is our summer resort. It is a relief to leave the city, where the children are so much confined, and come here, where they have freedom to roam about. We are about a day's journey from the Antioch of the Bible, which lies to the northeast of us. Nearly north, on the other side of the mountain, in the plain of the Orontes River, lies Snadea, the ancient Seleucia, which is to be our station this winter. The mountain here rises more than 2,000 feet above us. Perhaps some day I may tell you all of the miserable condition of the mountain women here. Kind greetings to all.

MATER FAMILIAS.

## Mother's' Department.

### EARLY TRAINING OF OUR LITTLE ONES.

A GOOD beginning is an essential element of success in all undertakings, and in nothing is it more so than in the training of children.

No time is considered too precious to spend in reclaiming the wayward youth; but how much of this reformatory work might be saved, and far better results secured, if the same time were spent in early laying a correct foundation and building such a character as needs no reforming. Parents make a great mistake in not commencing early enough in their studied efforts at moulding the characters of their children. The old saying, that we are "never too old to learn," might assert with equal truth that we are never too young to learn.

The child's earliest knowledge is acquired mostly through observation. It commences to use its eyes as soon as they are first opened upon the world, and it soon learns to make good use of them. How early it recognizes the face that comes in answer to its cry—that bends oftenest over it and so patiently attends to its various wants. And how soon it learns the difference of meaning between a smile and a frown.

At a very early age the tender, impressible mind seems to imbibe much of the spirit of the atmosphere by which it is surrounded. To give it a healthy moral growth, it needs the sunlight of cheerful, loving faces, just as truly as a healthy physical growth requires pure air and wholesome food, or as a tender plant needs the light and warmth of the sun. No household is worthy of receiving a pure, innocent babe into its keeping

unless peace, harmony and love are its ruling elements.

Let parents show to the little one, through their treatment of it, that they are its friends and are seeking after its highest good, scatter seeds of love rather than fear, and draw out to themselves all the affection of the baby-heart. When this is accomplished they have prepared the way for teaching the child something of that parental authority so absolutely necessary in every well-regulated household.

But lessons in this direction should be given carefully and judiciously, so as not to create feelings of dislike and rebellion. Keep ever in view the injunction, "Parents, provoke not your children to wrath." To this end all such lessons should be given in the purest feeling of love and good-will. No refusal or request should be made in a cross or harsh tone of voice, and no signs of anger, impatience or fretfulness should ever be exhibited in the child's presence. Unless you as parents can control your feelings and passions, how can you expect to succeed in teaching your children to control theirs?

I know a very sweet-tempered, obedient little girl, three years of age, whose mother has been so uniformly kind and gentle with her that the least bit of severity in the mother's tone will bring tears to her eyes and a sorrow to her heart that nothing but the mother's smile can drive away. This mother understands the secret of ruling by love, and she has a reserve fund in store with which she could get the child to do anything in her power.

I know another child of about the same age who



never notices any request of its mother, unless made in a cross, threatening tone, or perhaps repented two or three times. This woman has exhausted all her resources, and even while doing so fails to secure obedience in the simplest affairs of every-day life. All the tender feelings of the child's heart have been rudely crushed. There is no sympathetic feeling between mother and child, no affection in its heart upon which she is able to draw, and as soon as it gets old enough to lose its fear of the rod, the last grain of the mother's control will be gone; no wise motherly influence, no willing obedience, no bond of love and sympathy, at the very time when needed most.

Let parents associate with their children all they can. Join them in their innocent play. Win their confidence. Study their natures and try to understand them as thoroughly as possible. Then make it a matter of careful study to ascertain the best course of discipline that each peculiar nature seems to require.

I have asked parents to be kind, gentle and considerate in the management of those under their charge. But this does not mean that children should be allowed to do as they please, regardless of what is right. It means that you are not to be cross and fretful and annoyed at every trifle or unavoidable childish mistake. It means that you are to exercise a large amount of patience, and not be constantly crying "Don't" at every turn the child may make. At the same time it means that you are to secure perfect obedience on all occasions.

There is a tendency on the part of some good mothers to defer all kind of discipline until the child is old enough to reason with and to understand something of the relationship existing between them. Let these mothers have a care lest tares grow up, sending roots deeper and deeper

every day, until it shall be difficult and painful to uproot them.

But a much worse fault is the actual cultivating of these tares in the hearts of the little ones. Not unfrequently is the child two years old encouraged to do that which it would be punished for doing at the age of five. Acts of real impudence and defiance seem "so cunning" or "so real cute" to some parents that they encourage them with a smile. Tares, whether in the field or in the heart, are the most easily destroyed when they first spring up.

How truthful are the words of the poet:

"We are not worst at once. The course of evil  
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,  
An infant's hand could stem the breach with clay.  
But let the stream grow deeper, and Philosophy,  
Aye, and Religion, too—shall strive in vain  
To stem the headlong torrent."

The correct training of children requires much thought, labor and patience. And if you who are parents wish to have your children respect and honor you as they grow up, and become such men and women as you will be proud of, you must expect to devote yourselves untiringly to the work of cultivating in them through childhood and youth such characteristics as you may wish them to possess in after-life.

Commence by winning the baby-heart. Respect all the rights of the little ones, and, as they grow older, teach them to respect yours. Strive to be consistent, and, above all, be candid and truthful with them at all times. Teach them to be obedient, not by scolding, threatening or deceiving, but through the potency of a gentle but firm will and the greater power of a strong parental love. Lead them into the path of obedience, and make it a fixed principle of their being, so there shall be no desire on their part to turn aside.

H. L. CHARLES.

## Life and Character.

### NAMING THE BABIES.

WHEN children are baptized we always listen for the names. Perhaps from curiosity—perhaps not. It is pleasing to have a pretty or pleasant name, still, it is not a misfortune to have one that sounds awkwardly in other people's ears. Some men have turned the most uncouth names into titles of honor and renown. Had Henry Wilson held fast his own poor, disgraced cognomen of Jeremiah Colbath, he could have honored it just as well and have made "men clothe him with their praise."

Our American boys and girls have no reason to complain of their names, let them be as awkward or as silly as they may. If they had been Indian or Japanese children, they would have been compelled to bear the consequences and the name. If an Indian, the name might have been Spotted Tail, Big Bear, Johnny Cake, Superfine-Best-Quality, Snapping Turtle, or Long Bow.

The Japanese names, though queer, mean something—Kurushima, or Chestnut Island; Nishe-yama, or West Mountain; Shinazaki, or Bamboo

Cape; Saks, or Inclined Plane. A lady teacher among the Japs had a class whose names translated were Pine Grove, Bell Tree, Cedar Mountain, Marsh Flower, Spreading Reed and God-Brook, and one nice little boy was named Sugar.

But a little girl's baptismal name is really of small account in these days of diminutive and pet names. If it is not pretty in itself, it can easily be made into something that is. It is in the power of any girl to make her name sweet and loved, to make it sound like the sweetest music. If it is associated with kind acts and good deeds and pleasant manners and an obliging disposition people will love to hear it and to speak it; but if a girl is cross and disagreeable and selfish, she will spoil the sweetest name that ever was, if she happen to be called by it.

In old times the mothers delighted to commemorate all the virtues in their daughters' names, probably hoping that the qualities would descend along with them. No doubt some of them were disappointed dreadfully with the sullen Delights, the imprudent Prudences, the cruel Mercies, the talkative Silences, the uncharitable

Charities, the spiritless Hopes, and the faithless Faiths.

Some very sweet names are found among the old Anglo-Saxons, which we have scarcely been able to improve upon during all these years, such as Edith, Ethel, Irma, Ida and Bertha. The Indians, too, have some pretty, soft names, which they give their baby-girls, such as Winona, Winogene, Minnetonna, Idaho, Minnekeshia and Minnehaha. There is music in these sweet sounds.

Among the Jennies and Carries and Nellies and Effies and Minnies and Libbies it seems good to come upon a plain, old-fashioned Jane or Katharine, Eleanor or Mary, Margaret or Elizabeth. There is a little hint of the names of our grandmothers finding favor again. We know of two lovely little Ruths, a chubby Kesia, a soft, white, waxen Abigail, and a really truly Zeruah, and every one of them is as pretty as though it wore the latest and most modern names. The poet says, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." No doubt all the babies would be just as charming if they bore such names as Deborah, Dinah, Jerusha and Rebecca.

Sometimes in our experience we find families with idiosyncrasies. One woman we know likes big names for her children, and she has them—Cassius, Vespucius, Cleopatra, Mark Anthony and Kossuth. Another likes names that are odd, not common, and they are Filura, Filettie, Cassanda, Cathedral and Oralie Orrimond.

In the State of Vermont lives a well-to-do family of boys and girls who luxuriate in the musical names of Dorraine, Dorlance, Dorlennie, Dorlinda, Dorlissa and Dormanda. Some of them are boys, but the names do not designate which. A neighbor of theirs plays upon the same string; his children are Amanda, Alzina, Arethusia, Arelusia, Arelyn, Anastasia and Andelusina Alleudine.

This is better, perhaps, than having no name at all, which was the case with a little boy we once knew. When he was six years of age he had the privilege of naming himself. He hesitated a long time between the names of Maje and Andrew Jackson—the former the name of his dog and the latter of a pretty little boy who wore a very gay coat of red trimmed with brass buttons. It was a hard point to settle, and finally the decision ended with Major Jackson. He was Major Jack while he lived here.

We like to get into the book-cases in a deserted room up-stairs and visit awhile, which we often do when an inquisitive mood comes over us. It is interesting to get on the track of a name, for instance, and follow it up, or chase it, whichever path it takes. The good old name of John is known in every civilized nation in the world, only each nation has a way of its own of spelling and pronouncing it. In Latin it is Johannes; in French, Jean; in Italian, Giovanni, Gian and Gianni; in Spanish, Juan; in Portuguese, Joao; in German, Johann, Johannes and Hans; in Danish, Jan, and in Russian, Ivan. Some names would not recognize themselves in other languages.

The woman who named her boy-baby John Jean Juan did not know the meaning of the good old name of John, nor did she dream how many facets the name had. It is well to know the meaning of names. Two gentle, soft-haired little dears that play about the door-step are called Ursula and Leo—she-bear and lion.

John means the gracious gift of God; Daniel, a

judge; George, a farmer; David, beloved; Francis, free; Frederick, rich in peace; Asa, a physician; William, a protector; Oscar, a warrior; Philip, a lover of horses; Albert, illustrious; Archibald, bold; Arthur, Elmer, Eugene and Patrick, noble.

Girls' names, like boys', are significant, too. Abigail, joy; Blanche, white; Julia, soft-haired; Clara, bright; Lois, good; Ruth, beautiful; Rebecca, very beautiful; Margaret, a pearl; Sophie, wise; Charlotte and Caroline, wise; Helen and Ellen, light; Susan, a lily; Laura, a laurel; Alice, Adeline and Sarah, a princess; Henriette and Harriet, ruler of a house; Emma, energetic; Amy, beloved; Stella, a star; Ada and Edith, a rich gift; Ida, God-like; Irene, peaceful; Florence, blooming; Anna, grace, and Mary, Maria, Miriam and Marion, star of the sea.

Sometimes it is laughable when the mother, loving the pretty modern names fully as well as she loves "his" mother, tries to please all and fits the names together and fastens them on to the little "teenty, taunty darling." We recall a few such instances, one, Barbara Lillie; another, Montrose John, the mother nudging us, and whispering, slyly, "I mean to always have it writ down Montrose J. Pettingill. His father needn't know no better."

A brisk little miss we know who rejoices in two of the modern names, with grandma's sandwiched in between, Ora Polly Alice. Our pastor says a mother should study well the significance of a name before she gives it to her baby. He says in these degenerate days she has frequently baptized children when the name was no indication of the sex; that to him the child was only "it," neither masculine nor feminine, and the cognomen meant no more in the determination of its sex than Fiddle or Diddle, or Doddle or Twaddle. Also, that a name should mean something—good, or fair, or great, or beautiful—like the dear old familiar names that are now bluffed off as ugly and old-fashioned. He said in the city where he lived the little boys and girls who most frequented his house and patronized the jar of cookies and the swing and the box in which his wife kept the gingerbread, were named Ursula, Lionel, Claudius, Edgar, Marcus, Phineas, Rufus, Bernard, Gertrude, Rachel, Huldah, Ophelia, Myra and Algernon. And he had searched and found the significance of this medley of names to mean a she-bear, a young lion, lamb, a javelin, a hammer, a wolf-driver, a mouth of brass, red-haired, maid with a spear, a ewe, a weasel, a serpent, to howl, and to wear whiskers. Too bad, when names that meant peace, purity, grace, pearl, starry, good and beloved of God were ignored.

A few days after we were present at a baptism. There were seven babies, some led by the parents, some sitting up perk and crowing, and some so young that they were lopping like great buds heavy with dew; as our little nephew said, "They were so young they couldn't hang their heads up."

Now, we do not want to make fun, it is too serious a matter, the service was so very impressive; still, we nodded to our neighbor when she nudged us and said, "Now listen for the names." The first, an over-plump, sweet little thing, trailing in embroidered garments, that swept down to the tops of *pater familias*'s boots, lay with its face upturned winking in the light, its

sweet, moist mouth cleft, and its creased chin thrice double. A slip of paper passed from the mother's fingers into the pastor's hand, and then we heard his clear voice, "Myrtillie Cerintha, I baptize thee," etc. My neighbor poked me gently with her elbow. She was a woman who hated twaddling no-names dreadfully.

The minister passed on to the next mother; she whispered once, twice; a shade passed over his perplexed countenance, and then he spoke, "Altazera Dellnorta, I baptize thee," etc. A sharp thrust from my neighbor's elbow.

The pastor looked at the next candidate, a bright, rosy little dear, that snuggled down close to the father's bushy beard and peeped out with minky eyes. Another girl-baby, "Bondicea May," and the curve of the lips of the man of God drew down perceptibly. We moved out of reach of the pungent sarcasm of the poking elbow. It was too expressive. We did not need such vigorous and emphatic reminders.

From the misty-white foam of lace and dainty garniture a little pink fist was upraised when the water fell on the tiny face of the next candidate, "Guy Clyde." Then came a "Bertie Leone," an "Esther Floellie," and then, thank fortune! the minister "struck bottom," as boatmen say when they are in deep water—the last one, a solid, rugged, broad, sweet, clear-eyed, big-nosed, live man-child, named—John. Just the clear, fair,

sound name of John. The blessed boy! a grinning wholesome, hard-faced boy, and his name, without any affixes or prefixes, was simply and sweetly JOHN.

We fell in love with the name that minute, and our love has never grown cold, nor has it weakened or slackened, nor has it toned down into a mere partiality. He came like a spring in a desert land; like a cool shade on the burning sands; a well of pure water in the route of the tired traveler, a flower among noisome weeds—JOHN.

How good were the old names of our ancestors! Once in awhile a mother takes courage, nerves herself to face the neighborhood laughter, and names her child the old family name that dates back to Plymouth Rock times—Nathan or Elijah or Jonathan; Peggy or Polly or Hannah, and when the child comes up to years of understanding it wears the beautiful name honorably and gracefully.

A voice beside us says, with a ripple of laughter, "How fitting the old names are! What if that noble woman, Miss Anthony, was called Sue Anthony; or that sweet-faced Mrs. Stanton came upon the platform introduced as Libbie Cady Stanton, or Mrs. Livermore as Mamie Livermore!" And then we lay down the pen to laugh over the ridiculous suggestion and to scold the little woman for breaking "the thread of our discourse."

PIPSEY POTTS.

## Fancy Needlework.

### DRAWN WORK.

SINCE attention has been directed to ancient embroidery and needlework, the mediæval laces have participated in the general desire to understand or to reproduce the handiworks that served to lighten the many weary hours that the ladies of the Middle Ages, from the state of the country at that time and the absence of intellectual pursuits, were compelled to endure. The earlier laces produced before the fine needle-points and pillow-laces, and known as the mediæval laces, are the knotted and plaited thread laces formed of detached threads, and the cut works and drawn works made as finer sorts of linen embroidery, the material being woven linen, which was cut and drawn away so as to form a design either with the solid material that was left, or by connecting together the threads that remained in those places where a certain fixed number had been extracted.

Drawn work, which is coeval with cutwork, originally came from the East, but seems to have been introduced into Europe during the twelfth century, and was then known as Punto Tirato. During the earlier centuries it was only made for church purposes by the nuns, who kept the art a secret from the laity, and adorned vestments, grave clothes, and altar cloths with it, making it from finely woven linen and linen thread mixed with silks; but in Persia, India, Arabia, and other Oriental countries it was used for secular purposes, and the coarse linen which formed its groundwork entirely concealed by the bright floss silks

that covered it. In the South Kensington Museum there are now some magnificent specimens of Persian drawn work of this description, which are remarkable for their delicacy of execution and judicious arrangement of color. Up to and during the fifteenth century the patterns of European drawn works were chiefly made by the solid foundation of the linen, and the ground contrived by threads partly drawn out so as to leave open squares surrounded by the threads retained in the work, these threads being overcast together either with silks or linen thread to make the lines dividing the open spaces. In the sixteenth century the patterns of the work were made, not by a solid foundation being retained, but by the threads left after a set portion had been taken away being overcast and darned together so as to make a device, the ground being left open after the manner of Reticella lace, which this kind of drawn work imitates. In the seventeenth century, drawn work attained its greatest beauty, being worked out upon the finest and closest material, a very small portion of which was retained to form a dotted pattern upon a ground made of a series of fine honeycomb lines, the threads left after the others were drawn away being worked over with the needle so as to form that shape. It is this description of drawn work that most nearly approaches the fine needle-made points that are worked with net-patterned grounds.

After the decay of ecclesiastical power in England, drawn work was little practiced, the old workers having died out and the laity preferring the needle-made and pillow-laces; but upon the

Continent, and especially among the Northern nations, the work has flourished, and in Germany, Holland, Denmark and Sweden it is still used, and is known as Tonder work, Hamburg point, and broderie de Nancy. Real lace patterns are imitated by their grounds being drawn and their thick parts made with the solid linen foundation, and the work is employed to decorate the vast stores of house-linen for which these nations are celebrated.

it is chiefly made upon linen and canvas materials and used with crewel work, Holbein work, towel-embroidery, and Kreuzstickerei. The stitches used are overcast, buttonhole, and the lace stitches required in *guipure d'art*; they are formed either with fine linen thread, such as is known as lace cotton, or washing or floss silks, according to the destination of the article they ornament.

Our illustration (No. 1) represents a border in drawn work used for the decoration of linen and

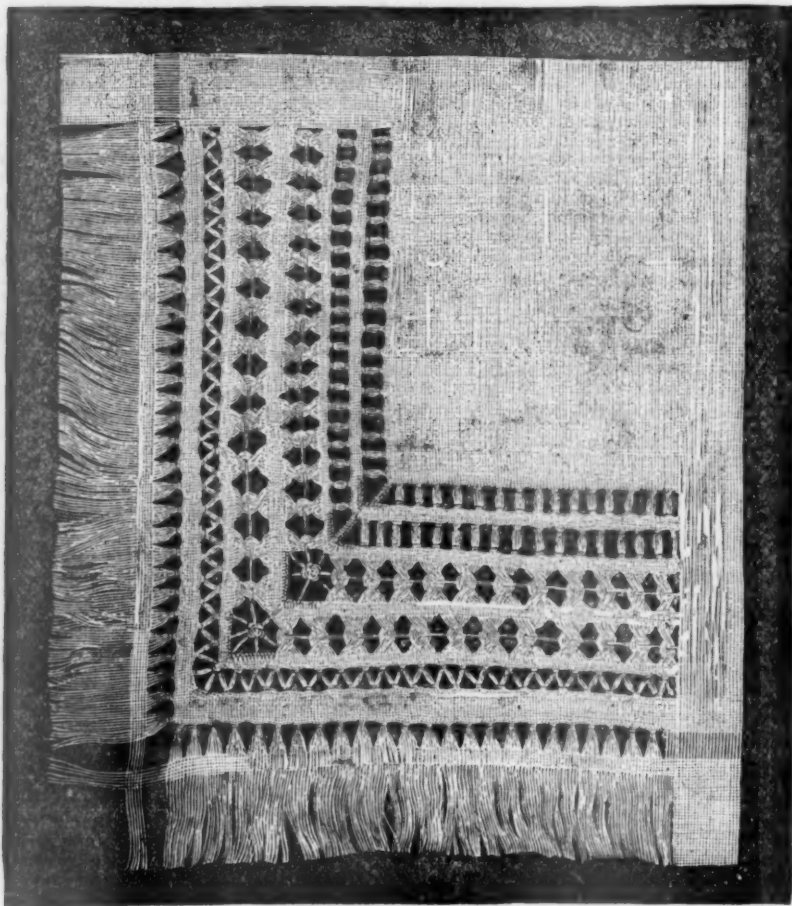


FIG. 1.

We are glad that a revival of this work in a modified form has begun in this country, as it is a great addition to all decorative needlework when used in conjunction with it, either for borderings or as squares of alternate drawn work and embroidery. It is simple in execution, but requires care when cutting the threads, so that the proper number are taken and those left secured. It is formed upon any material that is sufficiently coarse to allow of its threads being counted, but

fancy articles. It can be enlarged by being worked upon coarse linen or Java canvas and larger spaces left, and it can be decreased by omitting some of the ornamental lines. The manner of working is as follows: Commence with the stitch next to the fringe. Draw out threads to the depth of a quarter of an inch, thread a needle with fine lace cotton, and begin at the back of the material. Fasten the thread securely, take up five or six of the threads left upon the needle, and make a but-



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tonhole stitch, drawing the threads tightly together; secure this stitch by a stitch into the solid part of the material, and continue for the whole length of the line. The stitch described above is the one used for the open hems of pocket-handkerchiefs. For the second line, draw out the same depth of threads as for the first line, and work them over with the same stitch upon the lower edging; for the upper, repeat the stitch, but take half the threads buttonholed together from one lower edging stitch and half from another, so as to make the vandyked line shown. For the third and fourth lines, draw out half an inch depth of threads, take some fine crochet cotton, secure it so that it will come in the centre of the drawn threads; still work at the back of the material; count off twelve threads of material, take up the six farthest away first on the needle, and twist

the same direction. Again leave an inch of solid material, and draw out threads as before, and repeat until the depth and length required for the work is obtained. Now reverse the drawing out of the threads, taking them from the perpendicular threads instead of the horizontal; measure these so as to leave an inch of perpendicular lines and draw away half an inch, and continue to the end of the space. Having drawn away the threads, work a line of buttonhole round the outer edge, and upon the right side of the work; make this in gold-colored washing-silk. Fasten a double thread of salmon-colored silk in the buttonholed edge in the centre of one of the drawn-out spaces, take it right across an open square, and when it comes to any drawn threads divide them into two groups and twist the last half of the first group round the needle before the first half; repeat throughout the

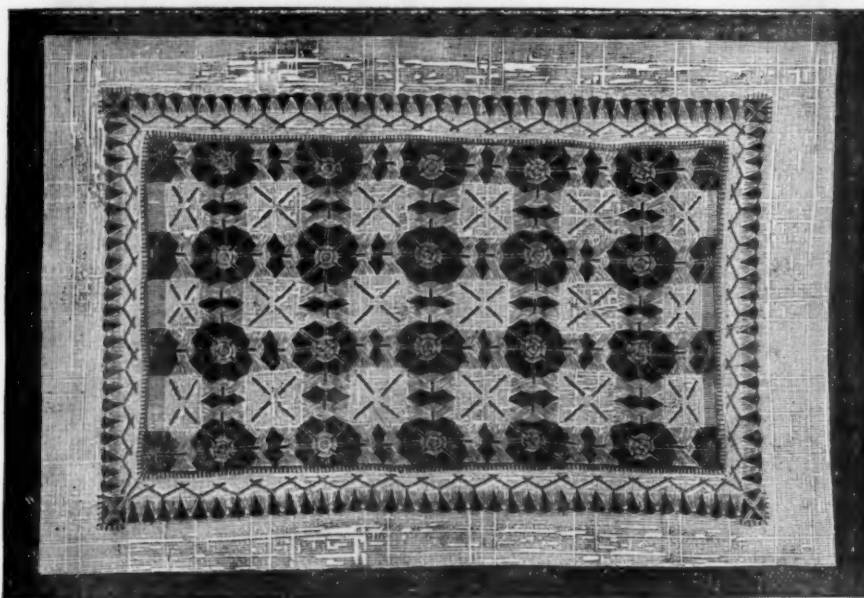


FIG. 2.

them over the six nearest ones; draw up the needle and repeat until the lines are finished. Fifth and sixth rows: repeat the second row, but make the top and bottom line of buttonholes over the same threads, so that straight and not vandyked lines are formed. The corners will require careful work, as the threads being there quite cut away open spaces are left. Buttonhole over the raw edges of these and fill them up with wheels such as are made in modern point lace.

*To work Fig. 2.*—This pattern is intended for a straight border, either for the bottom of a crewel-work chair-back or to adorn the top of a linen sheet. It is worked with colored silks for the former and with lace cotton for the latter. Commence by drawing out threads in a horizontal direction to the depth of half an inch, leave an inch space, and draw out another set of threads in

line, and repeat in every line of the drawn threads. Run the threads that cross the work over the solid squares and over the open squares, and secure them into the buttonholed edging. Work over the salmon-colored threads, filling the open spaces with gold-colored silk, so as to make wheels, and finish off the edge of the work beyond the buttonhole, first with a line of herringbone and then with a space drawn out and hemstitched, make buttonhole bars to fill in the open corners left by the drawn threads.

*To work Fig. 3.*—This pattern shows the manner of working drawn threads that is still prevalent in the East, and that was worked in the Middle Ages in imitation of Reticella lace. It is made upon toile Colbert, or some open canvas material from which the threads are easily drawn away, while the threads that are retained are completely

hidden by being overcast with colored silks. In this design it is better to draw the threads as required, and not all at once, great care being necessary in drawing them out. For the border draw out half an inch of threads, leave three or four, draw out an inch and a half depth of threads, leave three or four threads and draw out another half inch. To fill the small spaces overcast four threads together for a short distance with red silk; then divide them and overcast only two together, and when these are nearly covered take two new

stitch for the third part, and until all the threads are covered with the red silk. Overcast with red silk over the three threads left between the drawn-out spaces last of all, and make the lines they form thick and handsome-looking. For the corner work all round the square with a double line of buttonhole, and over the three threads not drawn out, and that form the inner square; darn with red silk, so as to make a broad and even line of darning. Work eight armed wheels with buttonholed centres in each corner, rows of buttonhole-stitch,

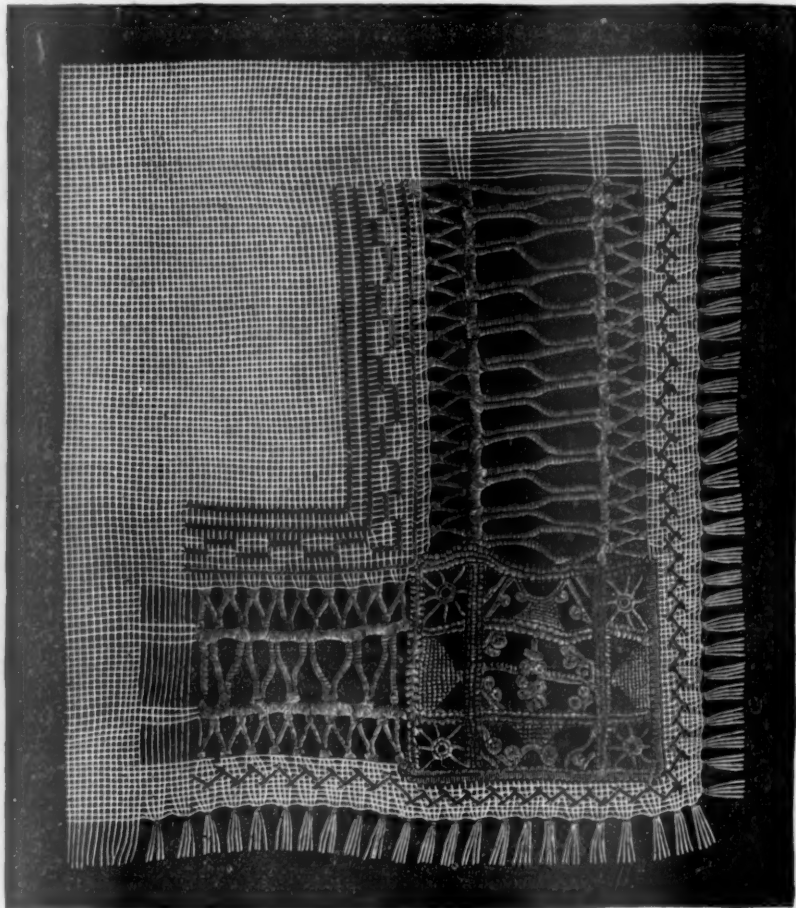


FIG. 3.

threads and overcast these with the two already worked over. In returning overcast the two new ones nearly up to the opposite edge, then add two fresh threads and repeat. For the centre part take six threads and connect them together with Genoa-stitch, which is made by alternately overcasting the three right-hand and the three left-hand threads. Work a third of the centre space in Genoa-stitch, then divide the threads and overcast over three of them for the second part, and take in three new threads and work in Genoa-

so as to form triangles, in the outer spaces, and bars, worked over with buttonhole and ornamented with loops, to fill in the rest of the space. Make these loops by twisting the silk eight times round the needle after it has been inserted as if to make a buttonhole, then draw up the thread, keeping the left hand upon the needle to steady it while doing so; work the inside border in tent-stitch with green and brown silk, the outside with green silk and in double coral-stitch, and catch the fringe together in the same way as in the other designs.

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### THE WOODPECKER.

"HARK!" And Aggy turned her little head to listen.

"It's a woodpecker," said Harry. We all ran out into the porch.

"Two of them," cried Aggy. "Oh! what beauties! and such splendid red topknots!"

Two large crested woodpeckers had alighted



on an old half-decayed poplar that stood near the house, and were hammering away on the dead wood, making the chips and bark fly in all directions. Suddenly their work stopped, and the birds, one on the upper and the other on the lower side of a great limb, stood looking at each other, as it seemed, in a fierce, angry way.

"Not going to quarrel, I hope," said Aggy.

At this moment I saw the cause of what seemed their singular conduct. A great spider, busy in making his web, had let himself down from a branch, and was hanging on his slender thread just between the birds, a tempting morsel. Scarcely had my eyes made him out when the woodpecker on the lower side of the limb darted upward his slender bill and the spider was no more. Then at it went both the birds again, hammering and cutting the dead limb, and feasting on the worms that were hidden therein. For about ten minutes they worked away vigorously, and then some noise that

we made scared them, and they flew off to the woods near by.

"Tell us about woodpeckers," said Harry as we went back into the house.

I took down a book as the children gathered around me and read:

"The crested woodpecker is called by Wilson the great northern chief of his tribe. He excels in carpentry, and almost every old trunk in the forest, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian Dominion, bears marks of his chisel; for whenever he perceives a tree beginning to decay, he examines it closely, and then, to get at the hidden cause of the disease, sets himself to work to strip it of its bark. 'I have seen him,' says Wilson, 'separate the greater part of the bark from a large dead pine tree, from twenty to thirty feet long, in less than a quarter of an hour.'

"Like the rest of his family, the crested woodpecker is extremely industrious, seemingly never a moment idle, flying from tree to tree, and plying his head like a hammer the instant he alights. In whatever engaged, he appears always to be in a hurry. He is extremely tenacious of life. Even when fatally wounded he struggles with unconquerable resolution to maintain his grasp on the trunk, to which he trusts for safety to the very instant of death. When winged by a gunshot wound, he makes for the nearest tree, to which he clings with the utmost tenacity, striking fiercely at the hand outstretched to seize him, and, resolute for his native freedom, rarely submits to live in confinement.

"Powerful as are the strokes of the crested woodpecker, they are weak as compared with those delivered by another member of the family, the Ivory-billed woodpecker—the 'prince,' as he may be called, by a free rendering of the specific name conferred on him by science. The strength of his blow verges on the marvelous. His bill is as white, as tough and as hard as ivory, and is elegantly fluted. With it he can dig into the hardest trees, either for food or in the excavation of his nest. Wilson tells us of one he wounded and caught, which, in its endeavors to escape from the room in which he had inclosed it, 'mounted along the side of the window nearly as high as the ceiling, and began to break through.' When discovered, he set up a piteous cry of grief. 'The bed was covered with large pieces of plaster, the lath was exposed for at least fifteen inches square, and a hole large enough to admit the fist opened to the weatherboards. I now tied a string around his leg,' continues Wilson, 'and fastening it to the table, again left him. I wished to preserve his life, and had gone off in search of suitable food for him. As I ascended the stairs, I heard him again hard at work, and on entering had the mortification to perceive that he had almost entirely ruined the mahogany table to which he was fastened. \* \* \* On the whole, he displayed such a noble and unconquerable spirit that I was frequently tempted to restore him to his native woods. He lived with me nearly three days, but refused all sustenance, and I witnessed his death with regret.' According to the same authority, the

head and bill of this bird were held in great esteem by the Indian tribes formerly living in our Southern States. They were worn by way of amulet or charm, the Indians believing that a portion of the indomitable courage of the bird was thereby infused into their own spirits.

"The worm-like tongue of the woodpecker is justly considered a curiosity. It is commonly supposed to be very long, but in one sense this is an error. Indeed, that portion of it which corresponds to the tongue in other birds is remarkably short, its apparent extreme length being due to certain mechanical contrivances at its base, which may be compared to steel springs, moving the whole organ, and allowing it to be thrust out to an extraordinary distance. The tongue proper is a horn-like substance, set with numerous fine

barbs on each side of the tip. Having with its bill laid bare the retreats of the insects on which it preys, the bird darts out its tongue at them with the rapidity and fatal certainty of lightning, transfixing them on its barbed point, and thus draws them into his mouth. With many of the smaller insects, such as ants and the like, these barbs are not called into play, the capture being effected by a viscid secretion on the tongue, to which the insects adhere."

"The birds we saw, then, were crested woodpeckers?" said Harry, as I closed the book.

"Yes, and a splendid pair they were."

"Well, I'm glad they came to our old tree," returned Harry, "for now I know more about woodpeckers than I ever did before."

ANNA WILMOT.

## Art at Home.

### SUGGESTIONS FOR DECORATIVE WORK.

**TOILET COVERS.**—All kinds of materials are now used. Often chintz or cretonne, like the hangings of the room, placed plainly round the table, and then an over-drapery fastened; a straight cover over the top bordered with lace and fringe. Dark blue and red twill are a favorite mixture, with handsome furniture lace. The Turkish embroidered chair-backs are tastefully draped over fashionable toilet tables. For the simple cover, linen worked in crewels and cross-stitched is in favor. The following makes an attractive cover: Fine white diaper worked across the front and up the sides with a pattern in blue and red cross-stitch about two inches from the edge; then hem the cloth all round, and add blue and white or red and white German lace round the front and sides. Another kind consists of cream huckaback toweling, with a strip of Turkey red, about nine inches wide, laid on at each end, four inches from the edge, with a pattern of sunflowers or lilies traced on it. Buttonhole the edges of pattern all round, then cut it out and hem, and edge with cream lace all round the cloth. These are new, and the towels are worked to match.

**KATE GREENAWAY QUILT.**—This made of oatmeal cloth in squares of light blue and cream. This cloth is preferable to either linen or sateen, as it is easier and pleasanter to work. Five and a half or six inches square is a good size, and there should be a border all round of one color, with corners of the other. An edging of coarse "antique" washing lace could be substituted for the border if preferred, except at the corners, where a worked square of the blue material should be sewn on. Good ingrained blue crewels wash best. Copy the Greenaway figures published in nursery books. Each figure is a picture and should be worked in a square, and five and a half inches square would take in all the sizes. The quilt should be lined with blue, and each square ornamented at the joinings by a feather-stitch in alternate white and blue.

**BRETON OR COLORED HANDKERCHIEF EMBROIDERY.**—This embroidery has been introduced some years; it is very effective and great taste may be shown in the arrangement of the colors and the stitches introduced. The work is usually done on chintz and stamped velvet, as well as the cotton handkerchiefs. The first thing is to procure a good design, then to use any colors that harmonize, and here it is that you have to show your taste. Brocaded silk handkerchiefs have generally a good design on them; Breton embroidery consists in covering these designs with ornamental stitches and various well-assorted colors. Sometimes the different parts, when worked, are cut out, and applied on to cloth for table covers, mantel borders; other handsome designs are worked out, and a plain border of plush or velvet added, the work itself forming the cloth. The work is Oriental in effect.

**ECCENTRICITIES IN HIGH ART EMBROIDERY.**—A London letter says: "It is impossible to foresee the future of high art embroidery. At present its tendency is to degradation, in the craving for eccentricity, which is destroying the tone of art in London society. The patience which our great grandmothers expended on their work, and the concentration of ideas and purpose upon one thing at a time, left enduring specimens behind, stamped with the character of the workers. Everything now is expected to be at the speed of electricity, and each season is required to yield one novelty after another, on the principle that to-day's work is right and yesterday's is wrong. At the fashionable watering places, the only gay resorts where startling toilets are to be seen, the vulgar spirit is abroad. Dresses embroidered with insects, spiders, crabs, caterpillars, beetles, and even crayfish and lobsters, astonish the spectators. These specimens of the new art work are in very high relief, stuffed like the old satin stitch embroidery with cotton. The surface is made iridescent with beads, spangles and jet. The lobsters have coral introduced, the beads from the strings sewed on closely together. Caterpillars, toads and lizards are produced with arrasene. The same low taste has



placed artificial flies, beetles, etc., on parasols, hats and bonnets. In these rapid changes in taste, the needlework which was considered to beautify apartments two years ago is now considered as making it a chamber of horrors. Oriental rugs and hangings have driven out the lily and the sunflower, once our idols. At the watering places we see what the ultimate fate of the table-covers and fireplace curtains has been. In the æsthetic bathing dress we recognize our old acquaintances.

Ladies of an economical turn of mind have utilized the condemned embroidery, and the most startling figures are seen plunging in the waves, amid the applause of the crowds seated on the beach. If the mermaids have any knowledge of art embroidery how surprised they must be to see Madam plunging in her portière, and her daughter tumbling about in detached portions of a table-cover."—*Art Exchange*.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### "PREPARED FLOUR."

**T**HAT is what we call it. Women often ask, "What is 'prepared flour'?" To which we answer: We sift one package of Horsford's baking-powder into twenty-five pounds of flour. Sift it all together through the sieve two or three times, then put it away in a covered pail for use.

It is invaluable. We could not do without it. If we returned to the "old way" of lard, sour milk and soda, our reputation for chicken pies, biscuit, fruit roll and cookies would fall to the ground.

It is the prepared flour, not our dullest touch or superior knowledge, that makes these edibles so satisfying and so perfect.

The ordinary baking-powders now in use add nothing to the flour of any nutritive value or strength-giving properties, and are in many cases injurious.

Baron Liebig, the greatest chemist in the world, says of the Horsford: "I have, through a great series of experiments, satisfied myself of its purity and excellence. I consider this invention as one of the most useful gifts which science has made to mankind."

And this was how we came upon the secret of such fine bread, pies, puddings, rolls and cakes.

We will give some of the best recipes soon—those which contribute liberally to the good cheer of the Deacon's household.

PITSEY.

### RECIPES.

**CHOCOLATE JELLY A LA CREME.**—Soak half a box of Cox's gelatine in half a pint of cold water, beat half a pint of rich milk to a boiling-point, take four tablespoonfuls of powdered chocolate, half a pound of powdered sugar; mix this smooth with a pint of cold milk, gradually added, then turn into the hot milk; let it boil up once; add to the gelatine, stirring briskly to mix well. Dip a mold into cold water, pour in the jelly, let it stand in a cool place; mix a plateful of whipped cream and serve with the jelly.

**ROLL JELLY CAKE.**—Three well-beaten eggs, one cupful of powdered sugar, half a cup of rich milk, one of flour, one teaspoonful of baking-powder; when mixed, spread evenly in two long tin pans; when baked, turn out on a towel; then spread evenly with jelly; roll up quickly and wrap in the towel.

**SALMON AND POTATOES.**—Take some cold boiled salmon, drain it, boil half a dozen potatoes, and mash them thoroughly, mix salmon and potatoes together with a little salt and cayenne, place in a baking dish; to the juice drained from the fish add a little chopped parsley, a little mace, the juice of half a lemon, a small lump of butter cut in pieces, pour this sauce over the fish, bake quickly until a well brown. Serve hot.

**TIP-TOP PUDDING.**—One pint of bread-crumbs, quart of milk, one cupful of sugar, the grated peel of a lemon, yolks of four eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake. When done spread fresh strawberries over the top (or if not in season for strawberries use a cupful of preserved raspberries); put over that a meringue made with the whites of the eggs, a cupful of sugar and the juice of the lemon. Return it to the oven to color. Let it partly cool and serve it with milk or cream.

**BAKED EGGS** are a delicious novelty. Sprinkle a layer of bread-crumbs on either tin or earthen pie-plate. Break the eggs carefully over this foundation, not breaking the yolks of any. Scatter a few bits of butter over the whole and a little pepper and salt. If the oven is hot the eggs will be "set" and cooked in about four minutes. The gas stove, with its heat over the pan or broiler, turns out baked eggs beautifully.

**APPLE OMELET.**—This is a delicate dish and is a nice accompaniment to broiled spare rib or roast pork. Take eight or ten large, tart apples, pare them, and stew in a preserving kettle until they are very soft. Mash them so that there will be no lumps, add one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, add cinnamon or other spices to suit the taste; let the apples cool before putting in the beaten yolks of four eggs, stir well together, beat the whites to a stiff froth, add to the apples, then pour in a shallow pudding dish, place in a hot oven and brown.

**TO CLEAN THE HAIR.**—Carefully separate the yolk of a fresh egg from every particle of white, and beat it with a wineglassful of tepid water. Rub the mixture well into the hair and skin of the head. Wash off with plenty of warm water and rinse with cold. The alkaline matter contained in the yolk of the egg mixes with the natural oiliness in the hair and makes a soft lather. This mode of cleansing leaves the hair beautifully bright and soft, as well as thoroughly clean. Should the hair be very long and abundant, two yolks, with water in proportion, may be required.

## Health Department.

### ADULTERATIONS AND POISONS.

THE great majority of the people, remarks the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*, are not likely to be over-cautious in these matters, and those who are on their guard do not always escape injury from adulterations and poisons. A friend of ours, who built a house which he meant to be perfect in all sanitary points, was amazed after living in it a year or more to find that he had a highly arsenical paper on the walls of his own bedroom. He had depended on the guarantee of a city dealer that none of his papers were of this dangerous character, and it was not until he began to suffer from the effects of the poison that he suspected the truth. The paper was one with pale and delicate tints, not at all like the bright green patterns that are suspicious at first sight. No doubt, hundreds of people are the victims of just such slow poisoning, without mistrusting it.

Much as has been written on this use of arsenic in wall papers, pigments, glazings and the like, the mischief goes on, and, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, is increasing rather than diminishing. In England, the Society of Arts has just undertaken the investigation of the subject, and it is hardly necessary to say that the work could not be in better hands. An English chemist lately found thirty-three grains of arsenious acid in the glazing on a single pack of playing-cards; and fresh discoveries of the kind are daily reported.

With so much indisputable evidence of adulterations and poisons in articles of food and domestic use, while we would not have our readers suspect death lurking in everything that they eat or drink or wear or handle, like a Czar surrounded by Nihilists, we cannot encourage the carelessness or indifference which pooh-poohs the whole matter. There is a "golden mean" of wisdom and prudence between the two extremes.

### SIMPLE RECIPES FOR COUGH, HOARSENESS, AND THROAT IRRITATION.

1. Put a lemon into boiling water. Boil it for a quarter of an hour. Then press out the pulp into a jar, removing the pips, and mix it very thoroughly with a quarter of a pound of honey. Take a teaspoonful when required.

2. Dissolve 1 oz. of gum arabic and  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of sugar-candy in a pint of water. A little lemon juice and a chip or two of the rind cut off very thin, may be added, and greatly improve the flavor. A teaspoonful of the mixture taken at bed-time will often allay the tickling and irritation of the throat, and secure a night's rest. It should be sipped very slowly. By sucking a little pure gum arabic the same effect may be produced, as it coats over the susceptible surface. The mixture is, however, more palatable, and especially for children.

3. Thin linseed tea, which should always be boiled, not merely infused, sweetened with sugar-candy and flavored with lemon juice and rind, is

also an excellent demulcent, and highly nutritious.

4. For tickling in the throat a teaspoonful of the soft, cold pulp of a roasted apple often proves useful, especially in the night.

5. Put a large tablespoonful of black currant jam into half a pint of boiling water. Stir and bruise thoroughly; let it stand till cold, and drink of the liquor when the cough is troublesome.

### PHYSIOLOGY IN SCHOOL.

PROBABLY no more powerful or more convincing work on "Education" has been produced within late years than the well-known manual of Mr. Herbert Spencer. Much of Mr. Spencer's space is devoted to a defense and advocacy of the teaching of physiology in schools, and there are not a few of his sentences which will bear quoting when the relations of education to healthy life are discussed. "If any one," says Spencer, "doubts the importance of an acquaintance with the principles of physiology as a means to complete living, let him look around and see how many men and women he can find in middle or later life who are thoroughly well. Only occasionally do we meet with an example of vigorous health continued to old age; hourly do we meet with examples of acute disorder, chronic ailment, general debility, premature decrepitude. \* \* \* Not to dwell on the pain, the weariness, the gloom, the waste of time and money thus entailed, only consider how greatly ill-health hinders the discharge of all duties—makes business often impossible, and always more difficult; produces an irritability fatal to the right management of children; puts the functions of citizenship out of the question, and makes amusement a bore. Is it not clear that the physical sins—partly our forefathers' and partly our own—which produce this ill-health deduct more from complete living than anything else, and to a great extent make life a failure and a burden instead of a benefaction and a pleasure?"

These are not merely eloquent words. They possess also the quiet, impressive seriousness of truth; and, moreover, they apply with extreme force to the fruits of the errors which ignorance of health-laws and violation of the commonest principles of physiology assuredly entail. Mr. Spencer has another passage which is terribly realistic in its grim force and sarcasm and thoroughly applicable to the lack of health-training under which the wives and mothers of past generations and of to-day suffer. "When a mother," says Mr. Spencer, "is mourning over a first-born that has sunk under the effects of scarlet fever—when, perhaps, a candid medical man has confirmed her suspicion that her child would have recovered had not its system been enfeebled by over-study—when she is prostrate under the pangs of combined grief and remorse, it is but small consolation that she can read Dante in the original." These words apply with increased force to the higher ranks of life, in which the follies of fashion are most rampant;

but there is hardly any sphere of human existence to which they will not apply when the questions of preventable diseases and of wrecked lives are brought forward for discussion.

It seems to be the plainest of truths, then, that the radical cure for the follies of life and for monstrosities of living is to be found in an improved system of education. If we make a place for physiology in schools, not as an "extra," but as a veritable and stable part of the curriculum, we shall be attacking the root of the prevailing evil, whilst health-lectures to adults and "hygienic exhibitions" are only lopping at the branches of this modern upas-tree of disease. If we send our boys and girls out into the world knowing something of their own bodily structure, we shall at least have armed them against many an error of physical life; and if we have taught them the most elementary aspects of the laws of health, we shall have thrice armed them against their becoming the insensate blocks whose chests the costumer compresses and whose feet the bootmaker endeavors

to twist and contort with more than a *soupeçon* of Celestial ingenuity. That which is learned at school too often fades away from the routine of adult life; but that it will be otherwise with the lessons of physiology and health, when these are properly taught, no one may doubt. Few sane persons who grow up in the knowledge of why a free and elastic chest is a necessity for healthy lungs and for a lengthy life will consent to be twisted and contorted at the will of the fashionable *modiste*, just as a knowledge of the facts concerning the injurious effects of carbonic acid gas or regarding the abuses of foods and drinks will afford the surest protection against bad ventilation and intemperance. Health-lectures and expositions, illustrated by the *torso* of the Venus de Milo, are well enough in their way; but those alone see where certain and lasting reform is likely to begin who advocate the bending of the twig when it is supple and pliant, and who demand that the laws of health shall be taught in every school.—*Chambers's Journal*.

## The Temperance Cause.

### BEER AND DISEASE.

THE "Beer Question, by A. M. Powell," is the title of a pamphlet recently issued by the National Temperance Society and Publication House, 58 Reade Street, New York. The following chapter on "Beer and Disease" ought to be carefully read and considered by those who are in the habit of using malt liquors:

The brewers dwell upon the peculiar advantages of beer as a "wholesome beverage," adapted to promote health and longevity. Many physicians prescribe it and lend their sanction to its habitual use. It is self-prescribed by many, with the vague notion that somehow they are to be benefited by it. Thousands thus drink beer "medicinally," as they fancy, obtaining their supplies from the grocer, the saloon-keeper, or the brewer, who would not think of taking other drugs without a trusted physician's order and the skillful chemist's preparation. The injury thus wrought to the public health is already very great. If alcohol is, as science has abundantly demonstrated, inimical to the healthy human system, it is a grave peril to the public health when the brewers flood the country with 22,000,000 gallons of it, to be absorbed by the beer-drinkers of the United States in a single year. Too much water-drinking, even if ever so clean and pure, will beget disease. To obtain the 22,000,000 gallons of alcohol for which the beer is taken the beer-drinkers must at the same time consume 400,000,000 gallons of vitiated water. The result of this excessive, unwholesome water-drinking, together with the alcohol poisoning, is an alarming increase, since the more general introduction of beer-drinking, of serious kidney and other threatening maladies.

Commenting upon the substitution of fermented instead of distilled liquors for drinking purposes, and their relation to the public health, the *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety* says:

"The constant use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organism, profound and deep-seated. Fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion and perversion of functional activities, local inflammations of both the liver and the kidneys, are constantly present. \* \* \* In appearance the beer-drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, severe cold, or shock to the body or mind will commonly provoke acute disease, ending fatally. Compared with inebriates who use different forms of alcohol, he is more incurable and more generally diseased."

One of the sensitive interests seriously affected by beer-drinking is life insurance. It is a significant fact that the Home Life Insurance Company, of New York, has deemed it desirable, from purely business considerations, to reprint, as a circular or leaflet for distribution, an article from the *Pacific Medical Journal* strongly condemnatory of the custom of beer-drinking. Attention is called to the fact that "the fashion of the present day in the United States sets strongly toward the substitution of beer for other stimulating liquors," and the subject, it is affirmed, "is one of great magnitude, and deserves the attention of medical men as well as that of the moralist." The testimony of the distinguished Sir Astley Cooper is quoted, wherein he declared as the result of his experience in Guy's Hospital that "the beer-drinkers from the London breweries, though presenting the appearance of rugged health, were the most incapable of all classes to resist disease; that trifling injuries among them were liable to lead to the most serious consequences; and that so prone were they to succumb to disease that they would sometimes die from gangrene in wounds as trifling as the scratch of a pin." Referring to the tendency to substitute malt for spirituous liquors, the article concludes by saying that it "is cause for apprehension and alarm that just as public opinion, pro-

fessional and unprofessional, is uniting all over the world in the condemnation of the common use of ardent spirits, the portals of danger and death are opening wide in another direction." Life insurance thus, from purely economic considerations, warns the public against the dangers and increased death-rate involved in beer-drinking.

Kindred testimony is given by a correspondent of the *Boston Traveler*, who, writing from Milwaukee, Wis., and referring to the Germans of that city and the beer question, says that, in the matter of health, physicians in Milwaukee "who have had wide experience are of the opinion that the person who uses beer habitually is more liable to contract disease, and less able to throw it off, than one who abstains from its use." He cites the case of "a German brewer who had been a heavy drinker all his life, but who was apparently robust and healthy, who accidentally stuck a small sliver in his hand. Soon after the accident his arm began to be painful and swollen, and the pain and swelling extended in a short time to the whole body, and resulted finally in death. The symptoms were clearly those of a vitiated condition of the blood, and no other explanation of the singular case could be given than that of the poisoning of the system by a long and immoderate use of lager beer." The same correspondent mentions that it is "a noticeable fact that the dead bodies of habitual beer-drinkers undergo decomposition much more rapidly than in other cases."

Dr. Charles R. Drysdale, the senior physician of the London Metropolitan Free Hospital, referring to alcoholic beverages as opposed to health, says:

"Beer, wine and spirits are all, in my recollection, associated with such a series of sufferings, horrors and human depravity that I have a kind of superstitious dislike to seeing any one I love and respect countenancing in the slightest degree, by example or precept, these dangerous drugs. It is in London, above all, that the physician learns what are the diseases caused by beer-drinking, since London is famous for its beers. Well, I declare to you that the amount of gout, urinary and lung disease I have seen in London attributable to beer alone is quite distressing."

He adds:

"At one time chance made me chemical assistant of Dr. Garrod, a physician of repute in treating gout, and the number of poor working people who were crippled with gout through beer-drinking was then, for the first time, forced upon my observation, only for future experience to confirm. We must remember that a pint of strong beer may contain an ounce of alcohol; and seeing that many men consume several quarts of beer daily, we need not wonder that beer-drinking in London causes, as I have found so often, disease of the liver, lungs, brain, urinary organs and heart."

In the summer of 1878, during a period of extreme heat in the city of St. Louis, there were, according to the official report of the Board of Health, during the week ending July 21st, one hundred and fifty-four deaths, or about thirty-one per cent. of the entire mortality, from the effects of solar heat. The report states that the greatest number of fatal cases were of German extraction, viz., sixty-two, or forty per cent. of the entire mortality from the effect of solar heat. The Irish were next highest on the list, furnishing thirty out of one hundred and fifty-four. The Germans

are the devotees of beer, the Irish of whisky. The alcohol, in either form, irritates, poisons and undermines the strength of those who use it, rendering them less capable of endurance in severe labor or of resistance in times of great extremes of heat or cold, and in periods of cholera and other epidemic diseases.

Dr. James Edmunds, member of the Royal College of Physicians of London, sounds a note of warning concerning the evil effects of a recourse to beer and other intoxicants by women, and especially by nursing mothers, mistakes into which they are led largely by the medical profession, and one result of which is that their babies "are never sober from the earliest period of their existence until they have been weaned." "The soothed condition of the baby after the mother has taken half a pint of beer is," says Dr. Edmunds, "really the first stage of drunkenness in that child." The mother, he affirms, makes "herself the medium for distilling into her babe's system almost the whole of that spirit which she takes into her own;" \* \* \* that "the baby is only the infinitely more sensitive extension of the mother's system; and it is more likely than any other part of the mother's system to receive the things which are injurious that are taken through the medium of the mother's diet;" that the mother should understand that "the very mould which that child is to preserve for the rest of its life is being constructed out of blood that is alcoholized—out of a condition of the system in which intoxication is the real, substantial element for the first twelve months of its growth."

Many weary mothers and many laboring men and women are beguiled into the use of the intoxicants by the brewers' delusive advertisements of the "highly nourishing" character of beer. But it is the pursuit of a "nourishment" under very great disadvantages. Dr. Lyon Playfair, C. B., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, analyzed a sample of porter and found it to contain exactly one part in 1,666 parts of blood-forming matter! Baron Liebig affirms that the whole purpose of brewing is to get rid of the nitrogenous, blood-forming elements of the grain, and to transmute the useful sugar into alcohol. He says: "We can prove with mathematical certainty that as much flour as can lie on the point of a table-knife is more nutritious than eight quarts of the best Bavarian beer."

So far from being nourishing and strengthening to those who use it, the ultimate effect of beer is shown, by the experience of athletes and others, to be a serious loss of power for great achievement and endurance. A striking illustration of this was furnished by Hanlan, the champion oarsman of Canada, whose great victory in England won for him much applause, but who subsequently failed and disappointed his friends, owing chiefly, it was understood, to beer-drinking. A Canada journal, warmly in his interest, said of his failure: "That he was out of condition is generally admitted, but the reason assigned for this will bring regret to many admirers of his skill and prowess. It is stated that he has broken through the rule of total abstinence from intoxicants, which he stated in England was the secret of his extraordinary success." The *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety* makes the significant statement that there is an intimate connection between beer-drinking and suicide;



that "statistics indicate that most of the suicides following inebriety occur among beer-drinkers." It quotes Dr. Arnott as asserting that "beer has a peculiar psychological action on the organism, developing a low grade of depression in all cases."

Many persons who do not believe in "tippling" and in saloon-drinking still practice and defend the use of beer and other intoxicants in connection with their meals under the impression that somehow digestion is thereby promoted. Commenting upon this practice, the *Physio-Medical Recorder* says:

"It is now a conceded psychological fact that ardent spirits, in every shape and form, from small beer to alcohol at one hundred per cent., impede and impair digestion, and are adverse to the whole alimentary process. \* \* \* The idea that liquor aids digestion is both erroneous and absurd; for, so far from that, it weakens the nerves, stultifies the brain, covers the heart, and materially injures the whole human organism."

Dr. Richardson, than whom no one is better prepared to speak with scientific authority, says: "Alcohol produces many diseases; and it constantly happens that persons die of diseases which have their origin solely in the drinking of alcohol, while the cause itself is never for a moment suspected;" that "this is one of the most dreadful evils of alcohol, *that it kills insidiously, as if it were*

*doing no harm, or as if it were doing good, while it is destroying life.*" The testimony is cumulative and most conclusive that, so far from being a healthful beverage, as the brewers assert, beer, which contains an average of five and one-half per cent. of alcohol, is inimical to the public health, and that its manufacture and sale should, upon that ground, be interdicted by the State. We conclude with a single additional quotation from the distinguished London physician, Sir Henry Thompson, who, in a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, writes:

"The habitual use of fermented liquors to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce that condition (intoxication), and such as is quite common in all ranks of society, injures the body and diminishes the mental power to an extent which I think few people are aware of. Such, at all events, is the result of observation during more than twenty years of professional life devoted to hospital practice, and to private practice in every rank above it. Thus, I have no hesitation in attributing a very large proportion of some of the most painful and dangerous maladies which come under my notice, as well as those which every medical man has to treat, to the ordinary and daily use of fermented drink taken in the quantity which is conventionally deemed moderate."

In the light of such testimony, from thoroughly competent witnesses, the verdict on the score of health obviously must be against beer.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

**N**EARLY all the new dress goods are figured. Among the more expensive are silks and satins, either plain or repped, covered with large, solid shapes of balls, ellipses, rings and pears, usually of a contrasting color. These are generally so far apart as to show the texture and shade of the ground. The various woolen fabrics are similar in appearance. Even the plain, dark cashmeres and camel's hair goods have tiny white specks thickly strewn over them, so as to give a mottled effect.

Bright woolen plaids are also popular. These, however, are not the gay Scotch tartans once so universally worn, but upright and crosswise bars of two or three shades, in which the reds and yellows darken more to the subdued tones of russet and buff. These plaids do not form whole costumes, but may be used for straight plaitings, diagonal flounces, short paniers, or other contrasting parts of a suit whose foundation is of solid material. Plaid, however, may be made up as a short, plain skirt, to be worn with a close-fitting black body, either Jersey or cloth. Conversely, the fashion of wearing gay waists with black skirts seems destined long to remain popular. These waists may be of bright-flowered sateen, or red or blue cashmere, or a fancy-colored Jersey may take its place. One thing seems settled: no dress, however elegant, however plain, is from neck to hem of one color or material. The rule is: with a plain body a gay skirt, or the direct contrary.

Jerseys have been worn for some time, but have

only recently become popular. They are of fine wool or silk, woven somewhat like gentlemen's cardigan jackets, and can be purchased in sizes to fit any figure perfectly. They fasten both in front and behind, the former style being preferred for ladies, the latter for misses. They recommend themselves at once as useful and economical, as they can be worn on nearly all occasions and with any skirt. As they come in all colors, they suit all ages. A Jersey will form an excellent substitute for a partially worn waist belonging to a handsome costume, or may save a good one by taking its place under a heavy coat. Some ladies ornament Jerseys by sewing upon them satin bows or beaded fringe, but, strictly speaking, they require no trimming.

New fall and winter cloaks are very long; some resembling ulsters or redingotes; some half-fitting, like dolmans; some with wide, flowing sleeves, shirred about the shoulder, but nearly all buttoning clear to the hem in front, and with broad box plaits laid down the back, from below the tournure. The material of which these are made may be cloth, velvet, silk, satin, plush or anything the wearer desires, trimmed either simply or elaborately. Some of the new cloths are figured. Black silk or satin wraps are lined with deep red, gold or violet satin. Some of these bright cloak-linings are figured to represent hand painting. Various fancy braids and passanteries ornament some of the heavier garments. A novelty is a cloak whose separate pieces are made of different materials, such as velvet and plush, cloth and sealskin, and the like. Some long cloaks have a narrow plaiting around the hem, in the manner of a dress-

skirt. One startling novelty is a plush pelisse, bordered with a flounce of cream Spanish lace, beneath which is a border of fur.

Hats and bonnets are to be large, many of them nearly covered with waving feathers, the most fashionable of all being cock's-plumes. Small birds, even large ones, have been slaughtered by the thousand for this coming winter, among

them being pigeons, doves, pheasants, quails and various sea-birds.

Light jackets are worn indoors, or for wraps, on days that require no heavy cloak. They are simply plain, half-fitting busques, either untrimmed or heavily braided. The braid used is wide, and either laid in flat, parallel rows, or disposed in large wheels or concentric circles.

## Notes and Comments.

### "Charitable Gossip."

PEOPLE will gossip about their neighbors; most people because, not taking interest in matters of taste, intellectual culture, or topics of general concern, they find little else to talk about. The pity is that so many gossip in an ill-natured, often malignant, spirit. How much better it would be if, in referring to our neighbors, we spoke of them kindly instead of censoriously. "It," as one remarks, in speaking of gossip among women, "in place of pronouncing harsh judgments on her neighbors and listening to and retailing the scraps of the personal scandal always to be found circulating in society, a woman should deliberately set herself to discover and comment upon the excellent traits of others, and be at pains to report to them such pleasant remarks as are made concerning them, she would promptly secure for herself an enviable reputation. In proportion as the malicious gossip is detested, although listened to, would the woman who judged her neighbors charitably be respected and liked, and surely a little curbing of the unruly member and the making of it a source of happiness to one's fellow beings is but a small price to pay for respect and affection. If report speaks truly, there is sad need in society of charitable gossips, so that it would be easy for a woman to win honorable distinction in this role."

### Society at Newport.

A WRITER in the *Art Interchange* draws a no very flattering picture of fashionable society at Newport. If it are half as bad as represented, the social perils to be encountered in this beautiful city of Rhode Island are very great:

"To be known is the first step toward social advancement in our country, and the press obligingly makes those who shine at Newport known immediately by daily special dispatches; and this, united with the power money has there, has, I believe, combined to demoralize Newport to an extent that all who have society's fair name and fame at heart must deeply regret—society being to many the living representation of what, as a people, we most appreciate in culture, art, letters, achievement of all kinds, the honors of office, lineage and honestly begotten wealth.

"Many may doubt when I say that Newport is demoralized. It will be only those, however, whose actual knowledge is gained, not from a visit there in person, but from the glowing reports in the newspapers that note its daily events because its society is regarded as the first in the land. In explanation, I should say that it is, in fact, a forced

growth. To-day it is composed largely of chronic idlers who can do nothing so well as contaminate. Its pleasures even are overgrown, its recreations stupendous and exhausting.

"Flirting of the worst type flourishes, gambling thrives in an establishment as open as the Ocean House to all comers, and the longest stretch of intellect seldom reaches beyond the interests of the stable. I have seen little boys of fourteen or fifteen gamble away the only ten dollars they will have for weeks, and then stimulate excitement with the champagne supper provided by the establishment. I have seen beautiful young married women, who come to Newport, leaving their husbands and children behind them, for an opportunity to receive all manner of pronounced attentions from unmarried men; and I have listened for hours at dinner to a continuous recital of scandal by masculine gossips.

"It is upon this known condition of society that venal society journals flourish for a time by giving names together with facts, and it is a knowledge that such fast life is discreditably and in the worst possible taste that accounts for the formation for the coming winter in New York of a more exclusive circle that has for its secret purpose opposition to the Newport set—a set in which young wives, young men, and young ladies sometimes move only at great peril."

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## THE RAVAGES OF CONSUMPTION.

**I**N spite of all that medical science and professional skill has been able to do in that most fatal of all diseases, Consumption of the Lungs, it is steadily on the increase. The number of deaths from this cause, as shown by our bills of mortality, is simply appalling. Not long since, in referring to this fact, *Harper's Bazar* said:

"Pulmonary diseases have been gradually increasing in this country during the past few years, especially during the winter months, which are particularly perilous to those who have delicate lungs. The figures are startling. According to the records of the Board of Health in this city (New York), *the loss of life by consumption alone during the five years ending December 31st, 1879, was 20,910.* Pneumonia and bronchitis are also very fatal diseases, the former causing more than one-half as many deaths as consumption, and the latter nearly one-fourth the number."

Taking the population of New York city at one million, and the whole number of deaths from consumption, pneumonia and bronchitis at 36,750 in every five years, this would give for the United States a death-roll from these three kindred diseases of 1,470,000; or one-fifth of that number (294,000) in every single year!

The *Philadelphia Ledger*, in alluding to the fact that forty-nine deaths by consumption had occurred in that city in a single week, makes this comment:

"The havoc of lung disease goes on with heavy count all the year round. *Yet the doctors in their conventions have almost ceased to talk about phthisis with any degree of enthusiastic research, while they give us no end of brilliant light upon sewerage and the deaths by bad drainage. It is a discredit to medical science that such well-defined diseases as American lungs present should yet be so little under control, and the skill of our experts should still be baffled.*"

Another paper, in speaking of the subject, says:

"If any other disease prevailed to such an extent, we should have immediate and rigid investigation as to cause and remedy. That this is not the case in regard to lung diseases can only be attributed to the fact that *medical science appears to have exhausted itself in that direction.*

"And yet it seems marvelous that, with all the new light which has been thrown upon human ailments within the past half century, nothing that serves to clearly point out either the direct cause of the wide prevalence of a disease so almost universally fatal, or anything that can rightfully claim to be a remedy for it, has been revealed."

Here we have presented, in a form which cannot fail to startle the community, two most serious and alarming facts connected with the ravages of pulmonary diseases in this country. 1. That they have been steadily increasing for years. 2. That, with all its advancement in skill and in the knowledge of curative forces, the medical profession does not know how to deal successfully with consumption, AND CANNOT CURE IT!

That Consumption of the Lungs cannot be cured by any of the remedial agents known to either of the great schools of medicine, or by the eclecticism which includes the best curative appliances of both, is too well and sorrowfully known to the hundreds of thousands of wasting and slowly dying invalids, whose pale faces, sunken eyes and feeble steps meet us in every city, town and neighborhood. However hopefully these stricken ones may cling to life and deceive themselves as to their real condition, their nearest and dearest friends know but too well that they are steadily failing and wasting, and that premature death is as certain as if an arrow had been lodged in some vital organ.

It is well understood that the only hope for those who are suffering from pulmonary diseases lies in their attaining, through some means, a higher degree of vitality and an increased power of nutrition. The tendency to a too rapid waste of tissue must be met and overcome by a new and larger ability to take and utilize the substances out of which the tissues are composed and the vital organs kept in healthy equilibrium. To gain this the intelligent and conscientious physician, fully aware that but little dependence can be placed in medicine, advises and encourages his patients to use every possible hygienic expedient for keeping up the vital forces—exercise in the open air, nutritious food, carefulness in regard to any diet that may tax or enfeeble the digestive organs, avoidance of exposure, crowded rooms, excitement, etc. In a few instances this care and regimen are successful in holding in check the enemy which

has gained a lodgment, but rarely in casting him out. He has intrenched himself, and, ever on the alert and watchful, stands ready to assault a weak, exposed or half-guarded point, and sooner or later almost surely succeeds in his deadly work.

It is no fault of the Profession that it cannot cure this disease. *Not because it is incurable*, but because in its *Materia Medica* no substance is found in use of which the diseased system can be furnished with an antidote or an effective resistant. But this is no proof that such a substance does not exist, and that consumption must still go on destroying its hundreds of thousands every year. The search for an agent that would give the vitality which is needed to arrest this disease and restore the patient to health has been an earnest pursuit with some of the ablest physicians in the past and present century; and some form of Oxygen-administration has been with many regarded as the means by which the ardently desired end would be gained. Experiments in this direction have been made from time to time, but not until within the past few years have they been carried to a successful result. Satisfied that if a new combination of Oxygen and Nitrogen could be made in which the former substance would be in excess of what is found in common air, a physician who had been forced to abandon his practice in consequence of an attack of pneumonia was led to make persistent experiments which finally resulted in the discovery of a new substance now known as Compound Oxygen, and by the use of which he was himself restored to permanent good health.

It is over thirteen years since this great result was reached—a result which has inaugurated a new era in the healing art. *Consumption of the Lungs stands no longer in the list of incurable diseases.*

The action of "COMPOUND OXYGEN" in arresting the progress of Pulmonary Consumption has been so marked and constant under the administration of this new substance, that we are warranted in saying that, *if taken in the early stages, eight out of every ten persons affected with this disease, might be cured.* In consumption, as every one is aware, the only hope for the patient lies in the establishment of a higher vital condition. Now, Compound Oxygen is an agent that gives directly this new and higher vitality, which generally becomes apparent at the very beginning of its use, manifesting itself in an almost immediate increase of appetite and in a sense of life and bodily comfort. If the use of Oxygen is continued, a steady im-

provement nearly always follows; and where the disease has not become too deeply seated a cure may be confidently looked for.

But we cannot too earnestly urge the necessity of using this Vitalizing Treatment in the very commencement of pulmonary trouble and before the disease has made any serious inroads upon the system and reduced its power to contend with so dangerous an enemy. Too many of the cases which come to us are of long standing, and the chances for a radical and permanent cure are just so far remote. That Compound Oxygen benefits, or cures, so large a proportion of these is often as much a surprise to ourselves as our patients. If, on the first well-defined symptoms of this disease, a resort is had to Compound Oxygen, *we know from over twelve years' experience in a large number of cases that its progress can be arrested*; and we also know that even after the disease has made serious inroads upon the system it can be held in check in a very large percentage of cases, and the patient restored to a condition of comparative good health.

In proof of this, we have already laid before the public a very large number of testimonials from consumptive patients who have come under our treatment, and who have realized in their own persons the value of Compound Oxygen in arresting disease and giving back to the enfeebled life-forces their lost vitality.

As honest and conscientious physicians we present this matter to the public. Being in possession of the *Only Agent yet known to exist* on which any sure reliance in pulmonary diseases can be placed, we use the press as the best and most available means of giving to the world the widest possible knowledge of the fact. To all who desire to have more definite information, and such evidence as cannot fail to remove all doubt, we will send proofs of results which are open to the closest scrutiny and the amplest verification.

To those who wish to inform themselves in regard to this new Treatment, we will send, free of cost, our "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen*" and our pamphlet containing over fifty "*Unsolicited Testimonials*;" also "*Health and Life*," our Quarterly Record of Cases and Cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment, in which will be found, as reported by patients themselves, and open for verification, more remarkable results in a single period of three months than all the medical journals of the United States can show in a year!

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

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